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orio Emanuele

Prince of Piedmont

JAMES MURMELL

Price, 75c. or 3s.

Vittorio Emanuele

Prince of Piedmont

A Romantic Play

By JAMES MURMELL

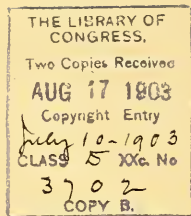


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VITTORIO EMANUELE, PRINCE OF
PIEDMONT

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Of the Austrian Party.

FERDINAND I, Emperor of Austria.

PRINCE CLEMENS DE METTERNICH, Grand Chancellor to the Emperor.

ARCHDUKE RANIERI, Viceroy of Italy.

LEOPOLDO II, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

FRANCESCO V, Duke of Modena.

CARLO III, Duke of Parma.

FRANCESCO, Duke of Calabria, Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies.

COUNT VERI, his companion.

THOMAS BARON WARD, Chamberlain to Parm., formerly his jockey.

BETTINO, Captain of Guards to Parm.

STEFANO, Equerry to Princess Adelaide.

A Gardener.

Of the Italian Party.

CARLO ALBERTO, King of Sardinia.

VITTORIO EMANUELE, Prince of Piedmont, his son, disguised as a gardener.

LISIO, Minister near the King.

PIETRO, confidant to Vit. Em.

EARL OF INVERNESS.

PANTALEON, his man.

ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH, wife of Ranieri.

PRINCESS ADELAIDE, their daughter.

COUNTESS LAURA, her companion.

A Widow.

JOANNA, her daughter.

Austrian courtiers, guards, messengers.

Sardinian soldiers. Common people, etc.

SCENE. *Cernobbio, and mountains rising from Lake Como, Italy.*

TIME. *Middle of the Nineteenth Century.*

VITTORIO EMANUELE,

PRINCE OF PIEDMONT.

ACT I.

SCENE. *Villa Pizzo, Lake Como.*

Enter VITTORIO EMANUELE and PIETRO disguised as gardeners, with another Gardener.

Vit. Em. It needs a king to make earth dutiful.
We hold our circuit over landscape gardens
Ruling down crime among the flowers and shadows;
And put our hands to uses more divine
Than God's appointed kings in human blood.

Piet. But is it here the tyrant Austrian
Will sit in judgment over Lombardy?

Gardener. The Emperor and courtiers every one?

Vit. Em. You too? pry fairly under yonder sun;
Challenge Apollo's fiery coursers; run! 10

[Gardener withdraws.]

Piet. Your Royal Highness, shall you love to death,
Your life long tarrying in Lombardy?
For God's sake lead me to my country's wars,
And all for glory I shall live and die.

Gardener. *[Aside]* Making Italian mischief, Austria.

Vit. Em. You idled yesterday, time turned to sorrow;
Now double-quick along! hunt up to-morrow!

[Exeunt Piet. and Gardener.]

Enter LISIO.

Lis. Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy,
Prince Royal of Sardinia! all hail!

Vit. Em. God's silence man! What prudence carried
you 20

So far from Piedmont's walls of soldiery?

Lis. I am to call a truce with Austria.

Vit. Em. How hale my kingly father?

Lis. Very ill,
Gray-haired with thoughts and old before his time;
And Piedmont wants you.

Vit. Em. I am banished thence.

Lis. Shall I inform His Majesty whereto?

Re-enter the Gardener with THOMAS BARON WARD aside.

Vit. Em. As you appreciate existence, no.

Lis. This will be music for the King's ear. [*Aside.*

Vit. Em. Go.

Lis. [*Aside*] Bay filly will convey me thence and
hither 29

Before my words are ready hence and thither. [*Exit.*

Ward. [*Aside*] Conspirators! [*Exit Gardener.*

Vit. Em. I have drunk so much summer
I have but faint ambition to pull weeds;
For spring and love go to the head like wine,
Make me attend the gold acacia,
Althea, and the sorrowful bluebell.

[*Reads.*

*O merry angel, come along
To live in love and love in song.
I whisper when I think of thee
A thousand lines of poetry;
A thousand hours I live in slumbers,
I sleep in dreams and dream in numbers;
But all the words the Muses bless
Can never tell thy loveliness.*

40

[*Drops the paper.*

Who comes? It is the Princess, it is she,
Comes marshaling her graces. O divine,
Indiademed, adorable excess
Of loveliness, how exquisite art thou!
Thy beauties bursting like the asphodel
Make lovers in their charmed circle faint;
Eyes cannot look on so much loveliness.

50

Enter PRINCESS ADELAIDE.

Adel. You loitered yesterday all afternoon.

Vit. Em. The gloss of all completed flattered us.

Adel. How did this morning find so much undone?

Vit. Em. Since day by day new things develop still.
Your Highness, say, what orders?

Adel. Would you like
The noble Order, say, of Leopold?
Or else the Order of the Golden Fleece?

Enter the DUKE OF PARMA.

Bid him go dig [*to Parm.*]. That is my order, go.

Vit. Em. But know the mind is higher than the
hands. [*Going.*]

Parm. Swallow your foolish tongue.

Vit. Em. Sir! By the Lord! 60

The high-born fall, and poets sing of change;

The smallest boy climbs highest in the tree.

What dynasties have come to beggary;

What fools have grown in wisdom up to fame.

If he, reported for a fool, be none

Then he is one that says so. [*Exit.*]

Parm. Treason here!

Adel. But know the mind is higher than the hands;

High-minded cabbage-planter, is it not?

The smallest boy climbs highest in the tree;

Dear me! what lofty treason flatters him? 70

You could imagine him with me in love.

Parm. Alas, what mortal man is not?

Adel. How nice.

Parm. Give me a thousand breaths in a balloon

To take me sailing into paradise.

Your expirations are ambrosias,

And in and out goes heaven, every breath.

Oh pardon me that I stand off abashed

In such uncommon presence.

Adel. Will you kneel?

Parma. My Parma is the heart of Italy; 79

Come to my heart. [*Kneels.*]

Adel. [*Kicking off his bonnet*] Could Italy to boot?—

I have a vaccination counter love. [*Exit.*]

Parm. Where?—You are too infernal! sweet indeed!

The Duke of Parma flouted out of love !
 I have been fairy-led ; it makes me mad !
 For all your mocking I shall wrap you yet
 Close as a jewel in a miser's fist !

Ward. [*Coming forward*] She is the spirit of non-chalance still.

Parm. Home with you, you eternal follower.

Ward. As far as Parma ?

Parm. Rebels ! Parma too,

Just when I counted on my nuptials ; 90
 My heart, my Parma. Rebels ! wring my heart !
 The half of Parma shall be gibbeted.

Ward. You love not Parma ; Lucca sold we well ;
 Th' exchequer.—

Parm. Borrow on my character.

Ward. Your character is mortgaged to the full.
 Sardinia loves the duchy.

Parm. Loves it ? takes it !
 Thieves ! they are wolves ! bones, hungrier than wolves !
 Gall ! I am hungry for the blood of some ;
 Thieves' blood ! or water, for they have no blood !

Ward. If you might compass Princess Adelaide.— 100

Parm. Her ? bite from under her complexion flesh !

Ward. The Princess ! she approaches. Sir, your
 bonnet.

Parm. Kneeling a dove's breath from her petticoat,
 Then twice I breathed on the divinest curse,
 The roundest garter in the universe ;
 And thought of Love in traces out of breath.

Ward. Who comes along under the downy wing ?

[*Parm. and Ward withdraw.*]

Parm. Up pops this Dukeling of Calabria,
 Crown Prince of the Two Sicilies—huzza !—
 Who uses bigger words than he can spell ; 110
 Down go my aspirations flat as hell.
 He by undoing me gets that reward ;
 She tramps on my dead body to the Lord.

Ward. Her graces lightly lift her from the earth.

Parm. A Spanish fascination with the fan
 And parasol, whose fragile fussiness
 Not any trifle of adornment yet

Could equal with an elegance so sweet.
Spread out your moth-wings, angel-blossom, fly!

Re-enter PRINCESS ADELAIDE with STEFANO.

Adel. Encourage first that gardener; then mind, 120
Prepare us horses slippery to the wind
And quick to leave the sunshine in a cloud.
It is mid afternoon, and we shall go
On saddled grayhounds to Mount Bisbino.

[Exit Stef.]

Enter the DUKE OF CALABRIA.

Cal. I know it by what spirit speaks within.

Adel. That jargon of the heart, the tongue translates;
The tongue—the heart's interpreter—I call
The serpent in man's body, false to both.

Cal. If you would listen to the heart itself;
That clock is false by which my heart goes right. 130

Adel. Your Royal Highness, tell me, what is love?

Cal. An angel's sickness when it touches you.
Your fairy fingers playing on one chord
Have touched my heart with pains most exquisite
Like melodies until the lutestring split.

[Exit Adel., then Cal.]

Parm. *[Coming forward]* Tormented by a solitary
fly!

If wishing were but killing one might die.

Ward. *[Coming forward]* Which sounds the better,
murder Naples' Prince?

Or, kidnap this same Princess? *[Withdraws.]*

Parm. *[Withdrawing]* One, or both.

*Re-enter PRINCESS ADELAIDE and the DUKE OF
CALABRIA.*

Adel. Him that will marry me, still let him woo 140
But by th' inspired art of poetry.

Cal. Whose namby-pamby does she harp upon?
[Finds Vit. Em.'s paper and reads.]

*What charmèd angels kiss thy cheek
Till roses play at hide-and-seek;*

*While, from the middle of a wreath,
Between kept kisses thou dost breathe!
The cheek the lilies roses fled
Is blushing with the roses red;
Oh, let the one flower crush the other
Till we that catch the fragrance smother!* 150

Adel. Then did you write those verses?

[Takes the paper. Exit.

Cal. It was I.—

To scatter glass to trot on barefoot.—Ah! *[Exit.*

Ward. [Coming forward] While first I happened
here a gardener,

After a private conversation low
With your Sardinian envoy Lisio,
This love-lorn gardener—look, there he goes.—

Parm. [Coming forward] Spy! spy! the torture his
confessional.

Ward. Your Royal Highness, let him be confessed;
He wrote the verses.

Parm. Naples' verses? Ha!

Eureka! forth, and hold a travesty; 160

Make caricatures of poor gardeners
Receiving grace where rank was mocked away.

[Parm. and Ward withdraw.

Re-enter PRINCESS ADELAIDE and the DUKE OF CALA-
BRIA followed by COUNT VERI with a cabinet of rings.

Cal. The echo to my wish your footfall brings.

[To Veri.

All these are wishing rings.

Adel. So many rings

Before a thumb to wear one?

Cal. Which presumed

To be more graced than gracing?

Adel. Who can say?

Cal. Wear this for me and never wish in vain;

Wish something greater than Two Sicilies,

Wish all the world and have it; so I swear.

Adel. Oh, what is that, a diamond or a star? 170

Cal. This was the first whose phosphorescent light
Bewitched the miners in Brazil from gold
To leave its dust to children; or was this
That sphinx of jewels lost by Charles the Bold,
A messenger to Metz was murdered for,
In whose most faithful stomach found again?

Veri. Yes, maybe.

Adel. Oh, it quickens the fine wits!
The diamond! symbolic, to a charm,
Of purity and peace; and attribute
Of beatific vision.—No.

Cal. Why not? 180

Adel. No, and no other reason.

Cal. Only no?

Veri. Lay under contribution all the world
To manifest its equal, but in vain.

Adel. No.

Veri. Nature guarded it with jealousy.

Cal. Behold! the gage d'amour.

Adel. O Turkish stone
Which takes the consequences of a fall!
Its heav'n-like orb the wicked angels wore,
Precipitated from the skies unhurt.
But then, it fades; and then alas for love!

Cal. Pray take this emerald; one faultless gem 190
Which was the Goddess Esmeralda once,
By lucky guardians spirited away
Far from Peru to Naples.

Adel. Emerald!
Divine, immortal, incorruptible!
Of sin and trial conqueror.—Too green.

Cal. Pray take it.

Adel. I?

Cal. Why not?

Adel. I have enough.
I cannot entertain you with much cause.

Veri. One of the rarest jewels in the world;
Why not?

Adel. Who knows? for reasons of my own.

Cal. This fire-opal over Czernowitz,
A region inaccessible of old,

Lay like a glowworm's lamp in porphyry.
 Call it the Burning Moscow ; bring it south,
 For frigidness extinguishes its fire
 And fragile splendor.

Adel. Oh, opal of the sun,
 Green fire and white, yellow, and sulphur flame,
 And hyacinthine red of darker fire,
 Exquisite tints !

Cal. From filmlike laminæ
 This charming iridescence scintillates.

Adel. Prismatic hues, in their eternal chase 210
 Bewildering the sight which anciently
 They strengthened, and assumed to give delight
 To the immortal gods invisible.—
 But opals are unlucky latterly.

Cal. O Delhi, Delhi ! for that Peacock Throne
 When Nadir Shah, freebooter of the East,
 Stole all the famous jewels of his time :—
 Rich rubies—rich ! whose tint of pigeon's-blood
 Is due to gold, and led by elephants 220
 In pomp and triumph to the capital ;
 Rare amethysts out of whose murex-blood
 The golden rosiness of rubies flamed,
 For amethysts of most admired tint
 Are sapphires mixed with rubies ; pearls galore
 With iridescent nacre eloquent—
 Sev'n hundred Saladin's—offspring of tears—
 By divers taken twenty fathoms deep
 Mid incantations wild, past hungry sharks ;
 Ethereal diamonds, as from the tops
 Of mountains flashing out the rainbow from 230
 A thousand facets—one the Mount of Light
 By the Godavery River cast ashore
 Five thousand years ago, an evil eye
 That Juggernaut long followed ; jacinths red,
 Whose vividness is fire ; cinnamon-stones
 Still flaming gold ; sapphires the royal blue
 Of heaven in the Pentateuch, and cold—
 The Eye of Allah one, whose history
 In Bagdad was of blood ; rare cymophanes,
 Where showers of silver float on golden green, 240

Incomparably far more beautiful
Than ever the luminary of the moon ;
Still thousands ! chamfered, with prismatic sheens !
Whose tones and textures might bewilder us !

Veri. You are a magnet for the costliest.

Cal. In nature's laboratory is there none ?

Adel. Inside of that Pan hippocamp that swims
Down the Sangaris River one is found—

So say astrologers—and named the king—

Asteria ! effulgent in the dark ;

250

And from within it moving, radiates

An opalescent lustre—with no end

Of magic virtues !

Veri. But, for working days ;

A jewel now whose value is debased.

Cal. Pray take this ruby.

Veri. Do ; this is the one

Among the five great paragons of gems,

Of all material things the costliest.

Adel. The stone I want—away !—bring that or none.

Veri. A dragon, hellward lighting on his course,

From teeth distending dropped this coal of fire.

260

Cal. But Old Man of the Mountain laid him low,

And snatched this ruby from the devil's own pit—

So deep the day was nothing in that air.

From that benighted region you might see

The stars in heaven shining at high noon ;

What star amongst them all of fire so fine ?

Through Jamshid's porphyry walls his light would
shine.

Veri. A jewel of more price beyond all bounds

Would tax the Kingdom of Two Sicilies.

Adel. The people taxed ? Ah !

Veri. If you have a mind 270

To be possessed, but haggle over cost,

Why not a magnet ? Venus in loadstone

Drew to her body Mars in iron.

Cal. Behold.

Adel. Love's talisman enthralling God and man !

Cal. Discovered where the lightning struck, for this—
Exceeding in antiquity all else,

Whose sigil, fabulous, *Not made by hands*,
 And from beyond the limits of this world—
 Presumes its advent with the aerolites.
 Sev'n thousand years this lovely bust of Eve,
 In Elephanta far, that Indian isle,
 There in the rock-cut temple was adored ;
 Sev'n thousand years, Count Veri ?

280

Veri.

Like as not.

Adel. The one I said is just the gem I want ;
 No other shall I have : that sapphire star
 Whose rays of lightning from the center shoot
 Against the sun ; a philtre powerful,
 And worn by Helen of Homeric fame,
 Who owed it all her conquests.

Veri.

Pity 'tis

You want that gem—

Adel. Bring that or none.

Veri.

And none 290

So poor in Naples' Royal.—

Cal.

Helena

Had need of magic, maybe.

Veri.

You.—

Adel.

Away !

Veri. Eureka, here it is ! its mystic orb
 Laughs like the pupil of a maiden's eye.
 O blessed star, the very stone you want ;
 Surprising beauty, rare and magical.

Adel. Out ! now I have a reason : you despoiled
 The royal treasures at Capodimonte.
 Be off ; your rusty gemmel hurry home ;
 Capodimonte Palace lies in lack.

300

Fly, waste no time ; don Peter Schlemihl's boots,
 And slight the ground cross-country with great steps.

[*Exeunt ; Adel. driving out Veri and throwing
 the loadstone at him, Cal. following.*]

Ward. [Coming forward] Shall we relieve Count
 Veri of?—

Parm. [Coming forward]

We shall.

I wish I were the wind to blow on her,
 To hurry her away to Switzerland.

Ward. Here comes her equerry ; but mine no less,

For her detention on Bisbino Mount.
While night, narcotic of poor innocents,
Makes sleep delirious, away with her !

Re-enter STEFANO bedaubed.

O Stefano, loblolly ! you are changed. 310
That traitor gardener no doubt did this ?
Poor fellow !

Stef. Yes.

Ward. Which Princess Adelaide
Inspired, by heaven.

Stef. Retribution then !

Ward. The noble Stefano, good by a spy
Affronted, dirtied, spattered.—He shall die.

Stef. Be whipped to death if I.—

Ward. Be Stefano ;

Go straightway to the Princess Adelaide,
And if she laughs then she connived at this.

Stef. Revenge ! [Exit.

Ward. This Stefano shall guide them ill
Till darkness shivers round the mountain spurs ; 320
And then from Mount Bisbino's pilgrimage
Let her be hurried off to Switzerland.

Parm. The spy ? confront him with the Emperor.
The jewels carry afterwards away
When we are lost among the mountain tops
And I do busy Princess Adelaide.
And whether spy, Prince, Princess, be undone
Not I shall be a truant to events. [Exit Ward.

*Re-enter COUNT VERI with the DUKE OF MODENA and
COUNTESS LAURA.*

Veri. Fair lady, grace. To your Imperial
And Royal Highness of Modena, hail. 330
A jewel for a jewel ; get for this [Gives Mod. a ring.
Another hand than Princess Adelaide's ;
Calabria has borne away the palm.

Parm. Picture Modena's sovereign Duke in vain
Kneel down to Princess Adelaide.

Lau.

Glory!

Your Royal Highness, straighter than a mast
Stood he!

Mod. Dalila's daughter! well informed.

Lau. Just picture to yourself the Duke of Parma
Come lizard-like to Princess Adelaide.

Read novels of more price, Your Royal Highness, 340
Till you are out of practice with cheap scenes.

Parm. Does she deride me?

Mod. Better yet informed.

Parm. Curst tattle! Nothing is ridiculous
Considered in the fashion it is done.

Lau. Displeased for other men's displeasure, sick
To sicken others! you were ever.—

Parm. So?

Mod. It only is a girl, a peevish child,
An infant; but almightily preferred.

Lau. His Highness Royal and Imperial,
The Most Serene Prince Ranieri comes. 350

Enter ARCHDUKE RANIERI, ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH,
and Attendant.

What comes of Lombardy when you are dead? [*To Ran.*
Great men outgrow their offices which grow
To tyranny when left to little men.

Ran. Back trips our daughter with her suitors, look.

Parm. Is this her birthday that so many praise?

Lau. No other conversation in the world.

Ran. How semiconscious of herself she blows,
The queen of summertide, the flower of all,
One perfect work outside of heaven's gate.

Eliz. Too faultless for correction; as confirmed 360
In her perfections by her father's say
As by persuasion of her looking-glass.

Ran. This is the summer of the summer girl.
Her mother's maiden excellence teach her,
And in the world will live no lovelier.

Re-enter the DUKE OF CALABRIA and PRINCESS ADE-
LAIDE, with others.

Your mother never was so sweet.

Adel.

How sweet

Were you, Madame?

Eliz.

Too much for comfort.

Adel.

Oh!—

But your Imperial Highness—

Ran.

Baby mine,

Omit the mystery and tell the tale.

Adel. In every cranny, every interstice,

370

Behold! poetic records of true love.

[*Reads.*

*That lip that to the music tips
Is sweeter than all other lips,
Except one other dipped in wine,
That one like Cupid's bow and line;
From that, the kisses Cupid shoots
At random makes all mortals brutes.
Sweet lips, sweet hallowed lips, O queen,
What magic music flows between!*

Cal. What thing is that?

Adel. Do you renounce your own? 380

Cal. Give it to me.

Adel. Content—when bats fly straight.
[*Exit followed by Cal.*

Parm. Look how the Duke would fidget out of it,
For she reads poetry of low degree.

Lau. Inspired lines that so forlornly run
Her cheek she blistered with an acid drop.

Parm. Done by a gardener.

Lau. Impossible.

Re-enter PRINCESS ADELAIDE followed by the DUKE OF CALABRIA.

Adel. I fear my friend, Duke of Calabria,
Has rhymed me out of earth beatified;
Between the stars of heaven where is space
To edge in sideways for another flight.

390

Cal. One day I met the oddest marvelous dog.
You know among dogs I take precedence;

But straight he came, just glanced his snaky nose
A little sideways, over butted me
And went along as unconcerned, you know.

Adel. Most probably the other dog was blind.

Parm. Who can divine these words' true oracle.

Adel. Who knows? [Glances at Cal.]

Cal. [*Aside*] Now to evaporate.

Lau. [*To Adel.*] Hist—hush!

Adel. What ails you? [*To Lau.*]

Lau. Hist—Your Highness.—Humph!

Adel. Go by.

[*Glancing at Cal. reads.*]

My God! how beautiful art thou!

400

And is it after doomsday now

That houries fare from paradise

So far, and open both their eyes?

Then merry angel come with me

To live in love of poetry;

And I shall soothe thee into slumbers

To sleep in dreams and dream in numbers.

Parm. A well of ink that will run never dry.

Cal. Forgotten things remembered plead with me;
To stay is to tickle the devil.

Adel. Tickle him. 410

Cal. But when the devil laughs he scorches so.
Midway upon the bridge of my poor thoughts
Perplexity weighs e'er so heavily.

Send on the train then; laugh and let me go.

Parm. Perhaps some drunkard wrote it unaware.

Cal. [*Aside*] The Duke of Parma knows a thing or
two.—

I must, I am compelled, I hate to go.

Adel. The business of great princes might go down
If they were in the airy scale of love.

You are not in with me Prince Charming, go

420

My troubadour, but of the latter day;

I would-not woo on this side paradise

The paragon of pretty presences

To put his thousand matters in a sieve.

True knight, a stone of your own digging bring ;
Nor dare to set a pebble in my ring.

Cal. There lies a ruby hidden in Pegu
My death, not perils can divide from you.
Your benison I shall come take away 429
About the time the sunflower bends to pray. [Exit.

Adel. Then Heav'n be with you, never God say nay.

Lau. Your Highness was a fool.

Adel. I, jealousy?

He is too slight I know, but he is young
And politic ; his lips might move the world
To commendation ; Jove's own voice is his ;
The aureola of poetic light
In him is centered ; he, prince royal too ;
Rich, bountiful, prince royal, king elect.
My heart is in my mouth.

Parm. Expectorate.
He is a Jew if ever Jew was lean. 440

Adel. For all a kingdom he might feed upon,
Too slight he is ; and being yet no Jew,
He will not fatten, notwithstanding pork.

Lau. But you read verses of low origin ;
So says the Duke of Parma.

Adel. [To Parm.] Still you act
Like a big man up to a little game.

Lau. The gardener's verses ; Prince's, not at all !

Adel. Summon that vagabond !

Lau. Ho ! Adamist !

Adel. Call louder.—Dog !

Lau. A dog would never come.

Parm. He is not only a conspirator 450
Against the sovereign rule of Austria ;
But traitor whose high treason dares approach
Your own most glorious person. [Exit.

Mod. I shall see

That my own body-guard arrests this spy
To bring him to the bastinade and death. [Exit.

Lau. The Prince.—

Adel. The perjurer ! some poison ink
For his repudiation.

Lau. Righteous act.

Re-enter STEFANO bedaubed as previously, followed by
PANTALEON.

Pan. Buzzard's perfumery, spit. [To Stef.]

Lau. O poor man.

Stef. Judgment!

Lau. For what?

Stef. For Princess Adelaide

Against this gardener. *A cruel love* 360

But sweet, says I; it has a petal lip.

Scoundrel!

Lau. Says he?

Stef. Say I!

Lau. And what says he?

Stef. Like any coward runs.

Lau. No doubt he laughs?

Stef. His ears appear to ridicule and grin.

Coward!

Lau. Go wash your countenance away.

Pan. This is not such cologne for you and me;

We cough at what flies count perfumery.

[To Veri, who goes out.]

Lau. There goes a candidate for stewardship.—

Who guesses he is not? [*Aside*].—Complain to him.

[Exit. Stef. after Veri.]

Hum!

Pan. In the course of retribution, see,
The donkey is as nimble as a pea.

470

Re-enter VITTORIO EMANUELE.

Adel. More poetry! Are you afraid of it?

Vit. Em. You tantalize your meaning.

Adel. Knave, you lie.

Pan. Saint Peter, gossiping in stormy skies,
Shall hear the angels sing, *Saint Peter lies*;
Then others, *He has done the like before*;
Still others, *Shall he do as much no more*?

Adel. Insufferable lines! What's on your clothes
Where vermin dine? Go love the bitten bat,
And make yourself a prey to parasites.

480

Lau. But he has better clothes.

Adel.

Has fleas!

Pan.

Bugs?

Lau.

Humph!

Adel. Dog!*Vit. Em.* I am guilty.*Adel.*

Wretch!

Pan.

Anathema.

Vit. Em. I leave you; not to curse me.*Adel.*

Go, then go.

Vit. Em. Princess, forgive.*Adel.*

Villain begone!

Pan.

Beg on.

Adel. Lie, steal, but go; steal anything but time.

What have you underneath your jacket?

Vit. Em.

Sweat!

Your Highness, I am froze in my own sweat.

So fare you well, Viceroy of Italy,

[*To Ran.*

Heav'n favor you; but we shall meet again.

489

One fault lies heavy. Madam, fare you well. [*To Elis.*And you, good angel you have been to me. [*To Lau.*

This parting weakness hopes forgiveness.

My flowers, Princess, I bequeath to you. [*To Adel.*

Blossoms of figs I brought Your Highness first;

And they were secret as bad consciences.

Red tulips blooming next, they blushed aloud.

For all, I keep the better secret yet,

Now the pale rose is withered. Where the lake

Looks up at twenty mourning cypresses,

The terrace, at the entrance of the valley,

500

Is mellowed for white dittanies of Crete;

But let not expectation patch up that

With blossoms blowing; nothing will grow there

Save wormwood now, O Lady of the Lake,

Until another hand drops in the seed.

Lau. When you are tired of her remember me.—

Condone his trouble.

[*To Adel.**Adel.*

Fly, sweet simpleton,

A Fury hunts that body, which the Dukes

Of Parma and Modena urge to blood.

Vit. Em. That which you know, Your Highness, that
is true.

510

What better could your evil genius do?
My wings to heaven I have fancied you;
And ne'er an angel is so celebrated
In heaven's avifauna all these years—
Thrones, dominations, principalities—
Not the Madonna by the Deity,
As you by me in adoration, love,
Prostrate idolatry; by all my soul,
My soul's eternal panic forcing now
Its past and its hereafter in this vow. [Exit. 520

Pan. How many a noble fool misunderstood
Makes everlasting dole. I knew he would.

Elis. Such luxuries in art, riches in voice,
Make humble birth and poverty things choice.

Adel. Now he will slander me.

Elis. And so he should.

Ran. He is too much amazed.

Lau. Too learned, poor fool.
When a surveyor with a transit mused,
This gardener, by trigonometry
And calculus, popped out and righted him.
All that I knew, cried the surveyor then. 530

Ran. Ha ha!

Lau. And so we laughed outrageously.
He made the ghosts of Grecian monarchs screech
Once when a student with a Homer came;
That raised the hue and cry, *An oracle!*
Then Latin students, Russian, Hebrew, French,
Or Portuguese, or Chinese, everything,
Came now and then to vanish satisfied;
And here on Tuesday was a schoolmistress
To find the island, Vecta; *Now*, quod he,
The ancient Vecta is the Isle of Wight, 540
So soon she fancied his reply oblique.
In the humanities, in anything
He was more knowing than that Wandering Jew
Who, coming down the centuries, peeps through.

Elis. The man is more than his pretentions, true.
He was the tutelary deity
Of the garden; all the flowers, losing him,
Will either die or turn to profligates.

The banksia rose, whose gorgeous masses stood
Erect upon the promontory, droops ; 550
The cooling plant of the Madonna now,
Whose graceful tapestry of foliage
From the mortuary chapel downward wept,
Dropping its delicate and lilac buds,
Shall die ; the air, be better for the flowers
That give their souls in fragrance to the winds ;
And every bloom that does not die of grief,
Decapitate it, send it after him.

Ran. Do so—an hour hence. [To attendant.

Eliz. Give him his own flowers.

Lau. No more than twenty settings of the sun 560
Have slipped ahead of May-day's glory yet,
Since one true deed I know in Italy :
All night, the gardener his vigil kept
By Carlo Trezzo's death-bed—him you knew,
Whose breath would wither garlic while he lived,
A creature little like God's handiwork ;
Sun up, the gardener came forth to toil
With the endurance of a driven ox ;
Still as the twilight followed, went again
Until the wizzard like a mummy slept. 570
The nightly vigil and the death-watch, done ;
Appeased, the widow ; and the orphan, fed ;
For goodness' blessed sake he buried it.
Myself I pity that he worships you.

Adel. He makes enchanted poetry, no doubt.
How long, in mercy, have you noted this ?

Lau. Beguiling night-dew from the rank green grass
Into a painted basin for your bath
I heard a strain in agony—of love—
Whose burden was, *The Princess Adelaide.* 580

Re-enter the DUKE OF MODENA with Guards.

Ran. The Emperor approaches, stand aside.

Mod. What ! Has this forfeit to the law escaped ?

Adel. Oh, better marry twenty than kill one.

Re-enter the DUKE OF PARMA. Enter Magnificoes,

Courtiers, Guards, etc.—Trumpets. *Enter the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, PRINCE METTERNICH, the GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY, the DUKE OF CALABRIA, and COUNT VERI.*

Emp. [*To Ran.*] Our trusty and right well-belovèd
uncle

And councilor, most happily are we
Alighted in our Lombard Kingdom's midst
To find so warm our welcome everywhere.

Pan. Italians, grim as death, while he sneaks by
Shout *viva* to the syndic following.

Emp. What were you thinking there, Pantaleon? 590

Pan. The wisest think the things most foolish, Sire;
As sudden scintillations in the fire.
So wise are they they only think these things;
What they articulate the gods admire.

Emp. It was with satisfaction unalloyed
That we admired the gallant army by,
Whose splendid ranks we love to look upon
As powerful support of principles
Whereon the order of the nation rests.

Ran. Sire, thanking evermore Your Majesty— 600
Whose presence at this cheering spectacle
Seemed, to the glory of our races bound
In this grand confraternity of arms,
Not only its own precious recompense
But the most powerful encouragement—
I weep for Lombardy recalcitrant,
Th' exchequer's drain, the source of all our woes,
In whose repression are but days of blood.
The Magyars we have guided from the steppes;
The Tyrol hunters, from their mountain spurs;
The Styrians, from their green valleys, too;
From Banat's and Bohemia's woodlands, more;
A blinded million to the sacrifice.

O Austria, who shall count them? Italy—
Between you two too many ghosts have come;
The air is foggy with the wings of death;
The day of reconciliation, past.
These passionate Italians, let them go;

All to the greatness, the prosperity,
The glory, happiness of Austria, 620
Your Majesty, and all your family.

Emp. Spielberg and vengeance for this gang of boys
That shoot their grandpas to hear the noise.
Rebellion is like one hot day in winter
That draws out flies unto their death the next.
We shall continue to associate
Ourselves with high regards of Lombardy
Afar and near.

Met. To Your Imperial
And Royal Apostolic Majesty,
Of Austria Emperor, of Bohemia 630
Slavonia, Hungary, Dalmatia,
Croatia, Lombardy, Galicia,
Illyria and Lodomiria
And Venice King, Archduke of Austria—
Rich tidings from the Most Illustrious
Field-Marshal, Count Radetzky, seat of war ;
A glorious battle near Novara won ;
Sardinia's reckless Majesty hemmed in.

Emp. It was a wind that blew contrarily,
But insufficiently to take the tide. 640

Adel. Revered old king, more than an ancient saint,
He counts his seasons by olympiads,
By leap-years, Sire.

Emp. No chance for you that way.
Adel. He is a dear old darling. Never mind,
A rascally bad boy he had ; and dead ?
Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy ?

Met. They pushed an argument concerning coal.
The son declared coal's cleanliness ; the sire,
That this conclusion showed an addled brain ;
And so they parted.

Adel. [Going] Is it possible? 650

Met. The Prince Francesco, of Two Sicilies
Prince Royal too.—

Emp. Ah, Princess it was you
We consecrated to Sardinia's son.

Adel. Lord help me from severe Prince Metternich,
The prince of politics, he frightens me. [Exit.]

Lau. Go beg your master, Earl of Inverness,
To overtake us on the mountain.

Pan.

Yes.

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

Cal. Long life to Your Imperial Majesty,
And iron constitution!

Emp.

I have none,

660

No constitution, and I never shall.

Cal. The populace on Naples' sacred King
Have forced a constitution, but belike,
He would as leave have none, Your Majesty.

[*Slips out after Adel.*

Met. Events that have occurred in Naples late
Have filled the sovereigns with disquietude
Who charged themselves with Europe's peacefulness.
There was good reason to anticipate
Th' alliance, which had founded the world's peace,
Would prove successful crushing a new power—
Than France's military tyranny
No less tyrannical nor terrible—
To wit, the power of popular revolt.

670

Emp. Disloyalty!

Met.

The monarchs, counseling,

Have now agreed to end disturbances
Throughout the Kingdom of Two Sicilies;
Invite His Majesty betake himself
To Laibach, to be free to mediate
Between his misdirected subjects—

Emp.

Well!

Met. And States by their excesses jeopardized.
The Most High, Puissant, and Illustrious Prince,
Duke of Calabria is notified;

680

What is Your Royal Highness' pleasure, then?

Emp. What boy is that, bastard to royalty,
Whose absence makes so slight of majesty?

Met. Go some, inquire of the Prince's health;
And fetch him hotly to His Majesty.

Tusc. The Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany
Presents his duty to Your Majesty.

You see us driven from our grand duchy.

O Sire, we climbed up in mightiness
As little boys climb highest in a tree

690

Until the branches break. The people's love
Would not be long returning to my son ;
We crave assistance from Your Majesty.

Emp. The people? what of that? I nothing know
Of people, I do only know of subjects.

Tusc. Although by special stipulations bound,
By solemn treaties, European law,
Inviolability of states and crowns,
Yet, under egis of Sardinia,

700

Came agents into Florence with designs
Pushed to the utmost verge of hardihood,
And took command of the grand duchy's troops
That night the action of diplomacy
By that of revolution was displaced.

Then we, in their imperious demands,
Raised up the Marquis of Lajatico,
The people's idol, to conciliate.

The quarter which, and the advisors whom
He sought were the Sardinian embassy
And leaders of the insurrection rife.

710

And now the Marquis of Lajatico
Who, in acceptance of his charge—that act—
Had pledged himself to our authority,
Was not ashamed to horrify his Prince
With impious demands to abdicate.

But what is worst, and what we most denounce
To th' universal conscience, Sire, is this :

To solemn treaties signatory, bound
By stipulations of our sacred rights,
The King of Piedmont none the less abets
Th' illegal government of Tuscany

720

Always subservient ; and every art
Was used, and every violence employed,
And faithful subjects all compelled to vote,
Against their sovereign born upon the throne,
For annexation to Sardinia.

Emp. You were too liberal in Tuscany ;
Oh, what a pity you forgot yourself
Descended from the noble Hapsburg line !

730

Tusc. To our belovèd Tuscans we appeal
Who for a century have called themselves

Happy under our House ; who do not share
The wicked thoughts of their seducers—no.
That nothing shall disturb their harmony
I abdicate in favor of my son,
And call upon all Europe's potentates
To champion his birthright trodden down.

Mod. The Archduke Francis, of Modena Duke,
Presents his duty to Your Majesty.

740

Our faithful troops that followed us thus far—

A pious tribute to Your Majesty—

O Sire, you have generously received.

As much as has occurred in Tuscany,

No less Modena has experienced ;

We crave support no less, Your Majesty.

The universe is at the stomach sick

From swallowing a bitter pill called earth ;

And peasants on earth's surface are as lice

Devouring the thing on which they dwell ;

750

Such devilish disturbers of the earth,

Such murderous tormenters of themselves,

That they are warred at everlastingly

By famines, earthquakes, elements, disease.

Then we that are the deputies of Heaven

Must heed the precedents of God Himself,

And even up in carnage and revenge

Upon the doers of this insolence.

Parm. And Parma is as full of maggots too.

During the long and painful interval

760

Th' intriguers of Sardinia connived

At like events in Parma when did we

Forget our holy duty to protest

In face of Europe, with a feeling still

That what is just and honest and the word

Of princes, faith of treaties, would prevail ?

And Piedmont is by spiteful treachery

And violence aggrandized with the spoils

Of the legitimate, the rightful prince,

To all dynastic systems contrary.

770

What title had Sardinia to make

Our Parma conquest's object ? How can we

According to the principles upheld

In Europe hitherto, be set aside?
Once more our sacred protest we pronounce!
Anathemas against the guilty ones
From whom these hateful machinations rose;
In main, against Sardinia's sovereignty,
Pernicious, sacrilegious, and usurped
In violation of all public faith, 780
All treaties and all principles of law;
And out of all protesting we protest
Against the National Assembly, null
Because usurping, which illegally
Declared our forfeiture; and we protest
Against the entrance of the foreign troops;
Against the annexation realized,
'Gainst whomsoever has concurred in it;
Against the right of transfer feigned; against
The universal suffrage, counterfeit; 790
Th' oppression then of terror; against all
The consummation of conspiracies;
And 'gainst the losses we have suffered thence;
'Gainst those that we shall suffer yet; in short,
'Gainst all the losses, all the injuries
To which our faithful subjects are exposed.
Still we protest, again, and still again;
The right of nations highly does protest;
From every monarch we demand support
T' arrest the work of ruin, else High God 800
Like victims multiply. We feel impressed
With duties strong our faithful subjects toward;
Our incontestable and sacred rights
We finally declare, by Satan, no
Adversity shall make us e'er renounce!
Rights ancient and acknowledged! reconfirmed!
Imposed on us by providence divine!
Which we intend, by Heaven, to maintain
In their integrity! exultant still
In that full confidence of princes' words 810
And in the justice of Almighty God!

Emp. Well, well, we'll see about it.

Parm.

Shall't be said

The Emperor, whom all the world conceives

As under an imperious constraint
 To keep our sacred rights inviolate,
 Failed knowingly in his devoted word
 And sworn? Ha, ha! while Piedmont sacrificed
 The holiest of principles on earth
 In scorn of him?

Met. Your Royal Highness, pass.

Parm. The conversation has not reached you yet. 820

Emp. To pose for honesty you set the glass,
 But 'tis so thinly silvered on the back
 The damnable hypocrisy glares through.

Parm. Faugh! through the streets of Parma I shall
 breathe
 The breath of desperation; I shall make
 The flagpoles gibbets and the streamers blood.
 Torrents of civil blood shall run knee-deep;
 Convents and nuns shall be consigned to rape! [*Exit.*]

*Enter THOMAS BARON WARD and Guards with PIETRO
 and Gardener apprehended.*

Ward. Two Carbonari ready to unfound
 The pinnacle of state, Your Majesty. 830

Piet. Assassins we are not; but why deny
 What you will still believe, Your Majesty?

Ward. This secret anarch would himself be hung,
 And witness nothing counter murderers.

Emp. How many stripes can mortal flesh survive?

Ward. Sire, thirty lashes and they faint away;
 Forty, they die.

Mod. Let him have thirty.

Emp. Do.

[*Exeunt guards with Piet.*]

Gardener. He that informed the Baron, that was I,
 Why I arrested stand I cannot guess.

Ward. I have no recollections such of him. 840

[*Piet. is heard to scream.*]

Gardener. Merciful God!

Mod. Let him be shot.

Emp. Let him.

Gardener. I who informed against conspirators?

Ward. As false as fire with a charge of ice.

Gardener. Who idolized, exalted, deified
Your sacred, worshiped Majesty? no, no!

Mod. If this be true you go to paradise;
In paradise keep better company.

Gardener. Oh no, Your Majesty, for God's sake, no!

[*Exeunt guards with gardener. Piet. is heard
to scream again.*]

Emp. Humanity in time's own fulness ever
Requires a copious bleeding.

Re-enter a Guard.

Guard.

Bar the way! 850

Re-enter VITTORIO EMANUELE with PIETRO.

Vit. Em. Tyrant, I hold you hostage! Heavy hands
The Austrians have laid on Italy.

Emp. Guards, keep at distance.

Vit. Em. Bleeding! Think of that!
Then dream a dream of horrors and no more
Repeat it. Witness ruined Italy;
No law—

Emp. I am the law.

Vit. Em. Too much.

Emp. Enough.

Vit. Em. Our noble families how paralyzed
By espionage; tortured when denounced;
Convicted by confessions pointed out
To wretches being racked; bound, sentenced, shot! 860
They in Modena have not wanted drugs
To extort confessions by deliriums;
A little hunchback in the barrack close
Was slowly burned alive at Brescia;
In Naples heads of victims they displayed
In iron cages for the wives to view;
And three men of Ferrara—will you hear
Of irons, hunger, tortures, hemorrhage,
Sentence, and death? Enough another died
In prison that had whispered, *Weep for them!* 870

The dead shall rise before the judgment-day
 Against th' interminable deeds of blood.
 Now rises such a universal woe
 From confiscations, mulcts, imprisonments,
 Convictions, famine, death—such panic cries
 Of *tortured, plundered, flayed, proscribed, condemned,*
Hanged, poisoned, murdered, shot, stabbed, starved to
death,
By conquerors, usurpers, and betrayers!
 That Italy forgets a thousand years
 Of local jealousies in one strong hate. 880

[*Piet. opens a trap-door and disappears, followed by Vit. Em.*

Mod. Rat! after him! let him be flogged to death!

Enter a first Messenger.

1 *Mes.* Milan has risen in rebellion, Sire,
 And cast the Austrians like devils out!
 And now to bands of martial music trip
 The patriotic guard in light-blue plumes!
 Th' Italian Tricolor—green, red, and white—
 Banners all colors of prismatic light,
 Flags, torches, drums, processions—suddenly
 Acclaim the heyday of th' astonished world.

Emp. Too well reported.

Mod. Beat this charlatan! 890

Enter a second Messenger.

2 *Mes.* Your Royal and Imperial Majesty,
 The Viennese revolting run amuck
 Making a bloody circle round the throne;
 Assassinated ancient Count Latour.
 The Ministers of Justice, Sire, have fled.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mes.* A cry goes up, *The Garibaldians!*
 As thundered God, *Destruction to the world!*
 Men saw the lightning and down came the flood.

And such a panic cry rose never more
Since Khaled going to the victory
In Palestine, with inky eagles up,
Shrieked *Allah Achbar!* and cut down the foe!
Mere boys rebel! Our frightened soldiery
Have fled to Camerlata!

900

Mod. Whip this knave!

Emp. Away to Tyrol hasten instantly!

Met. And I to England! little love for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

SCENE. *Outside a Hut on the Mountain.*

Enter VITTORIO EMANUELE and PIETRO.

Piet. Hark!

Vit. Em. What alarm?

Piet. No coward for myself,
I tremble for Your Royal Highness' sake.
The Allegory of Blood-guiltiness—
A danger in the wind from Austria—
Fills me with throes heroic to defy
The noise of nature.

Vit. Em. Let the forest grow;
And now Pietro, go immediately
To summon Garibaldi from the hills.

Piet. Your Royal Highness, as a soldier thence 9
I shall go blindfold in obedience. [*Exit.*

Enter Widow and JOANNA.

Wid. We owe two years' rent to the landlord now.
My God, he knows we won't run away from him; but
we shall; we can't stand the neighbors. They knock
against the wall at night, but my girl, she took a pair of
dumb-bells, she did, and gave 'em a clash; and they
didn't knock any more, it scared 'em. She's one, but
she's too proud. She's engaged to her Hannibal at sea
nine years.

Vit. Em. The bell would not ring. 19

Wid. My God, we have to keep that unhooked. It's
such a sweet-sounding bell they all run to see who's
there. My God, they're a low set. We're going to
move out. They follow and cry, *witch*. My God,
they're a low set. We might have been out long ago
but my girl had a terrible cough, and the doctor gave
a prescription. It was a terrible cough; my God, it was

a hack. She coughed the skin off her face; my God, it was a hack; and when she went to get the medicine the druggist wouldn't sell it, it was too expensive.

Vit. Em. You are descended from anxiety. 30

The few are born to riches, bred to beauty;
They come into the world arrayed in purple.
The rest come naked hither, why not all?
Why not the state death's chief inheritor?
Ability high monarch? birth dethroned?
Why not?

Joan. Why not?

Vit. Em. There would be monuments,
Luxurious parks, great fountains in the land;
A fairy-land of poetry, the like
Morpheus never bodied in a dream.

Joan. The merry whirl of evening to be lit 40
By the exploding flare of bonfires.

Vit. Em. Wait till we have a state.

Wid. A sin to think
And treason to express—high treason—hush.

Vit. Em. To dinner! is it ready?

Wid. Signor, sit.

Vit. Em. I know a grace:—*To the invisible King,*
Lord of our breaking once again,
O royal Guest, Who with Thy weary, living,
Prefer'st the needy widow's offering—
Love-sacrifices! glory! praise! thanksgiving!
Amen.

Joan. Our dinner is not worth a grace. 50

Vit. Em. Are you ashamed of Heaven's recompense?
Let those ennobled idlers who accept
Of Heaven's alms ungratefully be shamed.
I might have sat with an amphictyon—
Believe me, I have dined with kings and queens —
But I would sooner paxywaxy share
Than glut the peacock of the millionaire;
For fortunes in the end will equal be,
And these high-blooded prodigals on earth
Shall be most destitute hereafter.

Joan. Good! 60

Vit. Em. For in that country a tribunal is

Of compensation weighing the abstract
Of human efforts.

Joan. Make me herald there
To cry adjustment : *Down with birth and wealth!*

Vit. Em. There will be other vices heavier,
But poverty and virtue will be light
As th' ever-winged bird of paradise.
What has He given?

Wid. Air ; twice, thrice, and still.

Vit. Em. Why, then starvation has invited me
To sympathize with your necessity. 70

Wid. Already you have done so much for us—
But all you have done will be done in vain.

Vit. Em. In vain? Joanna, what do you opine?

Joan. I care not.

Vit. Em. If your mother starves?

Joan. If I.

It is not difficult, so well begun.

Death brings the cares of poverty to peace,
Turns virtue's perseverance into bliss.

Do you think father went to heaven?

Wid. No!

Joan. Oh, then the trysting-place inside the gates
Of heaven will be wondrous pitiful 80
For lack of some where no thanksgiving is.

Vit. Em. Have you heard ever how Prince Talleyrand
Disrupted the Archbishop of Milan?

Wid. Oh, we are starving.

Vit. Em. Ears to banqueting
Till stomachs burst by proxy! There the Prince
Sat worshipfully. Here at his right hand
His Reverence the Archiepiscopal
Studied the satin table-cloth—drawn-work
With thread lace overlaid—when all at once
Olives and slender onions pleading tears, 90
The anxious oyster or submissive mussel,
And luscious fig, came under his keen nose.
Most delicate, observed His Grace, parbleu!
Amontillado in the goblet too!

Wid. Let me repeat it, get it on my tongue.

Vit. Em. Then there were distillations piping-hot

Charmed into bowls with scented onions rubbed;
A note of spring and broth from marrow-bones,
A golden ladleful, and sherry.

Wid.

More!

Vit. Em. To the excited appetite came on
Preliminary fish—the simple sole
Or salmon swimming in a butter bath—
Obliging sauce, and spiritual glass;
And next—

Wid.

My God, enough!

Vit. Em.

By-dishes, thus:

A mutton-chop with little chicken broiled,
A green goose, sweetbread, or a ponderous ham,
Or partridge pie; and Médoc; help yourselves.
And here the piece substantial—beef that made
The jaw-bone water, haunch of venison,
And tender kid in priceless porcelains;
With dry champagne's ecstatic energy,
Chaste pullets' bellies with their softy eggs,
And grateful garnitures, a list too long,
Yet scant to fill the Archiepiscopal,
Who thought, *O Circe for the sucking pig*
You barbecued in Ææa: and stuffed
His little belly with an olio

110

Enchanted—thrushes, rolling herbage, wine,
And some potential juice too rich—that day
Ulysses' mariners were turned to swine!

120

Wid. The big and bigoted unsorry hog,
He would not leave a dry bone for a dog.

Vit. Em. Next, sorbet to the church and cigarettes.
Then bulky feet, prodigious goose livers,
Or what more monstrous? mixtures! magical!
Parbleu! remarked the high Prince Talleyrand.
His Grace, the fat Archbishop, answered, *good!*
And ate like a watched sparrow. What fine fowls,
Whose marked aromas separately flew
Into the open nostrils? turkey-poults?
Grouse? pheasants? ortolans? they were; and what
More rare? the deliquescent figpecker!
Green salads that went tickling through the throat!
Wine colored like the robes of royalty!

130

I hope that you have yearning stomachs.

Wid.

Yes.

Vit. Em. *Mon Dieu, my dear!* remarked Prince Talleyrand,

His Reverence ex-Bishop of Auton;

And caught the answer, *I have just begun!*

Like flint between the teeth—a fulsome sound

From apoplectic looks. Immediately

140

Came fat asparagus in osmazome,

And cloud-like mushrooms with pink petticoats

Fresh from the fairy ring on golden yolks.

How do you like it? spoke Prince Talleyrand,

Vice Grand Elector and Grand Chamberlain.

No answer deigned the holy, who but saw

The single rose reared in the slender glass

Stippled with leaf-like filaments of gold.

Joan. Just like that breed of swine too fat to see

And only capable of snoring sleep,

150

Whose mushroom noses, in a notch at rest

Lest turning they be strangled, swineherds tap,

Rap, with their ladles till they grunt for corn.

Vit. Em. And ever afterwards the banquet grew

Like fairy avalanches liquidly;

Tongue gobbled what the stomach never knew—

The voluntary ices from fruit juices—

Like fairy avalanches liquidly;

French flummery, or lemon sillibub;

The ancient strawberry, so big, thinks he,

160

Once giants picked them from a pumpkin vine;

Rich cream, and angel-cake, liqueurs, chaste fruits

From Eden's lavish cornucopia,

Fruits candied, cordials singing in the glass,

Brazil-nuts, filberts, cherries, crème de menthe;

Now, necessary savory. This, that,

With ever necessary waits between.

Wid. Aha, it sends the organs kiting!

Vit. Em.

Ho!

Bring out the banquet bodily.

Wid.

The knave!

Vit. Em. He does not hear.

Wid.

Bring out the banquet! ho! 170

Vit. Em. Hurrah for Talleyrand de Perigord,
His Reverence ex-Bishop of Auton,
Vice Grand Elector and Grand Chamberlain!
He chuckled, *What is that? what soothing spirit?*
(It was an aura from the coffee-mill.)

*Take this cigar, it is an Indian dream;
Be master of Nervano's mysteries.*

Up curled the smoke; down fell the Archbishop,
A cream-faced, livid-shouldered, lock-jawed corpse
Upon the bosom of Prince Talleyrand.

180

Wid. My God!

Vit. Em. *Sapristi! the Most Reverend,*
His Grace, the Lord Archbishop burst! exclaimed
Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Perigord,
His Reverence ex-Bishop of Auton,
Vice Grand Elector and Grand Chamberlain
Of France, the Prince of Benevento, hip!

Wid. My hair, my teeth, my nails are falling out;
My God, I feel them rotting at the roots!
I sweat to hear my beating heart pump air,
At midnight calling, *Empty! empty! empty!*

190

Vit. Em. Much I have had, none lent, and little spent,
Yet penniless and hounded as a spy.

Wid. Then loot the Archduke's gardens in the night.

Vit. Em. I cannot.

Wid. Will not! *Cannot palsies will.*

Vit. Em. Why, then, I shall.

Joan. You flatter us with lies,
And pass us through the gamut of false hopes
From a dog's hunger to a wolf's despair.

Wid. But desperation is a three-armed thing;
The devil take you tight between his teeth.

Vit. Em. I say I will! is not my will enough?

200

Joan. Do, do! we will, we will! cut down the corn,
Root up the cabbage, trample down the peas,
Destroy the blessed gardens, pluck and die!

Vit. Em. Here come the Austrians.

Wid. Kill! beat them down!
Burn! make a judgment! Hell against the world!

Enter the DUKE OF CALABRIA, COUNT VERI, PRINCESS ADELAIDE, and COUNTESS LAURA mounted; STEFANO on foot.

Vit. Em. [*Catching the rein of Adel.'s steed*]

Where this forbidden hovel scarcely stands
A ten-days' widow and her orphan waste,
Despairing, starving; pity! give an alms!

Adel. Does justice dictate, *Render ought for naught?*

Vit. Em. More tide is from the river than returns ²¹⁰
By that same channel; some way it returns.

Adel. On!

Stef. Loose the bridle!

Vit. Em. Hew my arm away.

To live is to deserve a livelihood;
The sufferings of famine pay for that.
The beggar's music a poor penny earns;
Give him his due for his equivalent.
Be bountiful; I shall discharge the debt
With th' utmost of my body, that shall I!
And what will you who live through such? let starve?
You cannot.

Adel. Beggars are a kind of thieves ²²⁰
That steal our sympathies. Let go, I say.

Cal. How long like this shall you contrive to live?

Vit. Em. Sir, what old witch is current sitting late
Under the chimney dating Heaven's grace?
They never fail who with intelligence
Pursue the hard alternatives of right.

Adel. Revenges, Stefano; have you enough?

Stef. In highway robbery all we that thrive
By personal attractions fare amiss.

Vit. Em. That waning moon which yet like Cupid's
bow ²³⁰

Shot the last shaft of light of love at you
Hurtled in total darkness hereabout;
And time for them when whirling down in night.
There in your palace was a comedy;
Here in their hovel was a tragedy;
There, ladies for the eyes too fine to touch,
Esquires genteel and titled merry-men,

The dance as if the lights went round, as if
The merry merry late of paradise
Were going to the devil! here—alas— 240
Here stalked death's awful antic, making still
A widow and an orphan; then we three,
We shuffled the cadaver to the ditch,
Two mourners for the dead and one for them.
Your Highness, O Your Highness, how can you
Whose summer heart out in the winter's cold
Made snowflakes turn to manna for the poor
Reject them now from private enmity?
You never toiled, can nod for luxuries;
They, all their wretched lives; and that to starve? 250
Do, you! assist them; I implore you, do!—
Well, I shall pawn my clothes and go in rags.

Adel. You have been out all night—let me dismount—

For your mustache is rusty. Help me down.

[*Dismounts.*]

Enter ARCHDUKE RANIERI *and the* DUKE OF MODENA
with Guards *who arrest* VITTORIO EMANUELE.

Ran. You stand arrested for lese-majesty.

Mod. Conspiracy! whose punishment is death.

[*They lead Vit. Em. aside.*]

Enter PANTALEON *imitating barking.*

Adel. Here comes that dog.

Pan. [*Barking*] Then here's dog happiness.

Adel. Bark till the cow-bells tinkle. [*Whips him.*]

Pan. I shall sue

For breach of promise.

Adel. Bark till the four bells on the steeple crack. 260

[*Whips him.*]

Pan.

[*Sings.*]

When radishes in dishes grow,

And turnips when they turn up,

The saints will soar up from below,

The devils they will burn up.

Adel. Your waggery is like a spear of hay
Big-headed, but it breaks. Bark evermore.

[*Whips him while he barks loudly, then faintly,
then lies down.*]

Thus I have written down, *It is a pity
That fools are melancholy when not witty;
For, having been the very cord of laughter,
Remembering they were apish galls them after.* 270
What do you mean?

Pan. The Earl of Inverness.—

I saw a multitude of peasants, armed,
As I ascended by the mountainside.

Mod. Such tardy information merits stripes.

Ran. Which way advancing?

Pan. This way.

Cal. Let us fly!

Mod. The fool is neither true nor politic.

Ran. You have been still a trouble, Adelaide;
To Innsbruck you must hurry in a trice.

Adel. I do not love the artificial city.
The cities are as lonesome as graveyards 280
Where man to man is strange.

Ran. These latter days

Clearings in forests are too populous,
Of traitors full, concerned in treachery,
Where too much confidence is none at all.

Adel. The most exemplary of city folk
Are villains in the country, being known.

Ran. You whom the catcalls, *rebel, spy*, condemn,
What words can ransom you?

Vit. Em. Not words but deeds;

The Garibaldians, the Piedmontese,
The patriots of Modena, Tuscany, 290
Romagna, Parma; sixty thousand strong!
Your Highness is surrounded, join with us.
The form ordained to this peninsula,
With aromatic zephyrs to the sun;
The universal language beautiful;
The national renown of ancient arts,
Of music, painting, and sweet poetry;
The gods' own glory of an age bygone;

Religion—dictate unity ; amen !

All Italy implores ; for God's sake, help !

300

Ran. Easy the thought but difficult the deed.

Vit. Em. Italian men are many in your guard.

Ran. If I were traitor, too, I might reply.

Mod. A gallows to his rescue quick !—but no ;

Pointblank this exigency speed the shot.

Knave, we that govern by divine acclaim

Would make a desert first of Italy.

Vit. Em. The desolated fields, the squalid towns,

The falling walls, the crumbling palaces,

Are monuments and sad memorials

310

Of spoliation and the nightmare war.

Magnificent ! this ruin Italy !

Out of the fire of ancient glory life

Has risen from that ruin phenix-like,

To elevate her streamers in the sky,

Or blaze aloft in liberty and die.

Ran. This parley is prorogued.

Mod. [*To guards*] Be done with him.

Vit. Em. Hold ! I can put such reasons in the air,
Above the common cry, why you should not.—

Adel. Since he is party to the rebels rife,

320

And could betray them all in my behalf,

Postpone his execution for awhile,

And let him swear allegiance true to me.

Ran. I thank thee, child, for this expedient.

Mod. To put a basket underneath the spout.—

Adel. Swear, will you follow me ?

Vit. Em. Ay, to the grave.

My life I owe you ; when the debt is due.—

Cal. Beware, he follows Cupid's compass still.

Adel. Look ; this pilgarlick, this same mountebank,
This kitchen errand-boy—he loves me, he !

330

He loves me well ! Now, welladay, what luck

That this rank sickleman, this scallawag,

Desires the granchild of an emperor !

No more of pretty princes of the blood,

So that the newsboys, picnic-faced, may shout

In madding exultation, *Lo, this lout !*

Vit. Em. [*To Ran.*] By the first innocence of that
 bright soul
 Of the adoring star of Bethlehem
 I swear to you, sir—and to you whose face
 I wept to turn away from—to address
 Your Highness in this fit of love no more
 (Unless I were a king, of Piedmont, say)
 No, not if you petition with your own
 Sweet lips; so I await the judgment-day.
 Pray, pity the affliction of this oath
 Renewed as oft as can be thought upon,
 That I shall never break, so help me God;
 But being broken pity fly away
 And perjury as often be accursed.

Ran. I do believe you. Take good care of her. 350
 [*Gives Vit. Em. a pistol.*]

Adel. Shall I take sanctuary here awhile?

Ran. This portion of my escort keep with you
 While I go reconnoitre with the rest.

[*Exit with part of the Guards.*]

Adel. A goose. [*To Vit. Em.*]

Lau. Say gander and be dignified.

Adel. Lives you have read of men of genius,
 And taken on peculiarities
 To draw comparisons between yourselves;
 And in anticipation of renown
 A right to eccentricities usurp.
 Far better be a man of common sense
 Than famed a witless genius like you.

Vit. Em. Your Highness, better to be shot; proceed.

Adel. At thirty paces? twenty, say? or ten?
 Whichever you prefer.

Mod. Guards, measure ten.

Adel. Do soldiers envy executioners?
 You iron-hearted ruffians, begone.
 Have you the insolence to murder him?

Mod. They have their orders.—Stay!

Adel. Who rules but I?

Vit. Em. Then life for life! we shall not weep to part.

[*Aims at Mod.*]

Adel. I know you every man; you know me too; 370

Begone! or every rascal shall be hanged.

[*Exeunt guards, muttering.*]

Mod. Egg-hearted rebels! vengeance on them all.

[*Exit.*]

Cal. Let us skedaddle with the guards.

Adel. Oh, no!

Cal. The rebels wind along the mountains, eh?

Adel. How funny now, if they befriended us!

Cal. If! if! an *if* with crooked *f*, Your Highness.

To play at football with a hornet's nest,

To twist a lion's tail, to kiss the fire—

All this is funny; is it politic?

Adel. Wait till you hear the volley, feel the shot 380

Inch-deep. Proceed! cry courage! pat your heart!

[*Follows Widow whom she has motioned into the hut.*]

Cal. Clouds, making archipelagoes in heaven.—

You are the riddle that bewilders me. [To *Adel.*]

I do protest but shall as long obey

As Italy shall rhyme with poetry.

[*Exit along the mountain.*]

Lau. True lovers are the rhymes of prosy times.

[*Exit with Cal.*]

Veri. My Lord, Duke, Prince, King, Emperor.—

[To *Vit. Em.*]

Pan. All hail!

Vit. Em. I know you not. [To *Veri.*]

Veri. Indeed I know you do.

Vit. Em. Beau of the ball and courted nobleman

That gala-evening; carriage—

Pan. [*Walking*] Ha!

Vit. Em. Just so. 390

When the Imperial Princesses wept well

Not having you.—I wonder who he is.

Veri. Oh, you remember me.

Vit. Em. He knows me not.

Veri. Most Gracious Duke—

Vit. Em. He has the impudence

To be dull in company.

Veri. [*Giving VIT. EM. a ring*] This round of friendship,

Surmounted by an evening-emerald

Which lapidaries call a chrysolite,
From the Most Royal Neapolitan.

[Exit.

Vit. Em. It brings my politesse in disrepute
To run away from my acknowledgments.
His Royal Highness' slave to gratitude!—
Still pondering novelties, Pantaleon,
To steal an hour's attention from the gods?

400

Pan. The men are dead whose praises I desire;
All but Your Royal.—If obedience
And true humility.—Then let me rob
Demise of horror, O heroic.—

Vit. Em.

Pass.

Pan.

[Sings.

*Fools and gems and diadems,
Pretty breeches and ahems!*

[Exit.

410

Vit. Em. More nonsense in his periwig
Than in the belly of a pig. . . [Goes into the hut.

Joan. If that was nonsense, weep at fun's expense
And laugh the wisdom out of common sense.

*Enter the DUKE OF PARMA mounted; THOMAS BARON
WARD, BETTINO and a Follower.*

Parm. No, that way!

Ward. This way!

Parm. Look 'e where she comes!

Parisian elegance of carriage, poise
And equipoise; oh, Spanish is the voice
Of harmony; soft, the embosomed South
Escapes the passionate Italian mouth!

Ward. [Aside] If Parma should miscarry then
shall I

Do deeds of daring 'mong the demi-monde.

420

Joan. Your Royal Highness! villain!

Parm.

Who are you

If I am villain? In this mirror look,
Wanton.

[Draws.

Joan. If I am wanton, but for you
Am chaste as mother-of-pearl; I find, that love
Beyond the thought of evil is ill-made;

For, ever were there villains looking out
Liefer to send the good a sorrowing
Than save where they have ruined and excused.
But I have certain proof, I know not whence,
My Hannibal scours this vicinity, 430
Hot-headed as a smoke-stack out of hell
For my betrayer, ready to do well. [*Goes into the hut.*]

Parm. She threatens me.

Ward. The Princess, look, she comes!

Parm. Diana Huntress raised above the knee
Her tunic; then, *The Fair-Limbed Goddess*, she!
Chaste because marble all these centuries.
Venus of Melos dropped her flowing robes
About her loins; oh, gushing overflow
Of fleshy life, simplicity too rich,
Luxuriant fullness, grandeur leaning out 440
Instinct with finer movement, softness, love!
Venus of Melos is victorious
Over Diana, Goddess of the Night.
In ancient worship, now in modern art
Illustrious rivals! goddesses of men!
But nothing to the Princess Adelaide;
She is the grandest masterpiece of God.—
Omniscient in the universal rage
For beauty physical, my eyes discern
Her replica! a statue! elegance! 450
Softness of love in form and attitude!
Or do I mark her sculptural contour
Through warp and weft by magic? See, it moves!

Ward. Your Royal Highness, steal Love's proselyte
While we make entertainment for the rest.

Bet. By what authority do we do this?

Parm. She has provoked us out of human patience.
This is a world where vampires quicken still
By sucking others' blood; but while they sleep
The others suck it back with interest. 460

Ward. This largess take, Bettino, and be still.
Now be unconquerable spirits! men
Like Alexander, Cæsar, Jesus Christ,
Napoleon!

Follower. Hurrah!

Parm. Too near the town.
 We chant at morning-tide, *We shall do this*;
 But yet at evenfall we still do that,
 Performing little as life's law allows.
 Come farther.

Stef. Now or never!

Parm. Minion, die!
 Stuff green persimmons down your puckered maws
 Till you go snarling, but come farther up. 470

Ward. Oh glorious sight! she comes! let us withdraw.

Parm. Her body's warmth is stolen by the South
 While lovers' lutes steal music from her mouth;
 The day steals sunshine from her face; and night
 Steals from her crescent eyes twin-planet light;
 The angels steal ambrosia from her breast.
 The devil take her soul! and I, the rest!

[*Exeunt omnes except Stef.*]

Re-enter VITTORIO EMANUELE, takes ADEL's steed aside from STEF. and motions the latter away. Then re-enter PRINCESS ADELAIDE, keeping back the Widow and JOANNA who follow, with her riding-whip.

Adel. You are to us like snakes in vinegar,
 Made horrid by a magnifying glass.
 My renegade would conjure up—what not? 480
 Rats in a church to gnaw the suppliant.

Wid. Pah! never sling your insides out at us.

Joan. Swallow your lucre with a gilded kiss.

[*Flings back the money they had received.*]

Wid. Oh, I could eat my lips but they are thin.

Adel. Right! Harpy, snap it up.

Joan. First pick my bones!

Wid. We stoop to rise again. [*Flings the money.*]

Joan. To gutter dogs

The bounty of your gardener was not.
 To him we owe our lives; so great a debt
 We shall not cheapen them.

Adel. À bas the fool!

He is to us as vermin are to you. 490

Wid. God save him from you, such a worthy man.

Adel. By this traducer I am scandalized.

Wid. No slander ever left his honest lips.

Joan. Except the moment he presented you.

Adel. Oh, vinegar! with mother in it.

Joan.

Bah!

Wid. My God, what devil has forsaken us
That we are blessèd with your company?

Joan. One other wise man was there in the world
Than Solomon; and he, your gardener.

Wid. If he were black I would a thousand miles 500
Go marching to the music of a bell
To gaze at him, unseen.

Vit. Em. [*Aside*] My heart-strings catch.

Joan. If I were empress of your Austria
I would come crawling by to kiss him white;
But being white he is too fine to kiss;
And my betrothèd Hannibal at sea
Would hollo, *good*.

Wid. Not in Cernobbio
Is any trusted as this gardener.

Joan. He in our troubles did invest his heart
And all his wealth.

Wid. That may deserve small praise; 510
But blessings, great! such interest we pay,
The prayers that cannot keep up with sorrow,
As long as life's line.

Joan. Prayers from dying lips
Are not entirely worthless.

Wid. Generous man!

Joan. O generous man! Oh, for a brother like!

Wid. My God, I could not have a son like that.

Vit. Em. [*Aside*] For manly pride they have no pity
—tears!

Wid. He waited out my husband's history.

Joan. The hero at my father's death-bed kept
Vigil all night.

Vit. Em. [*Aside*] I cannot breathe but weep. 520

Wid. My husband smiled and said, *God bless you, sir*;
And so he died and said, *God bless you, sir*.—
God bless him too! so I shall dying say.

Joan. And God will bless him for my father's sake!

Adel. [*Weeping and motioning Vit. Em. forward*]
Your eyes receive a message from your heart.

Vit. Em. Your generous tears, as well, run over smiles.

Adel. I have a rainbow in my sight, I know.

Vit. Em. The rainbow of good promise for a sign
Of no more floods to overwhelm those eyes. 529

Adel. Inside our gentle eyes which are love's roses,
There is not room for sympathy and tears;
So drops of pity fall; they are the ottar
Of human kindness, love's perfumery.

Vit. Em. Down on your knees and stifle her with thanks!

I never gave you anything, but she—
The goodness of Her Highness—long enforced,
Against my will, my tending him that died.

Wid. My God, we famish breathing out so much.

Vit. Em. And how can you upbraid her? Go, buy food.

Wid. [*Taking the money*]

Beware, the mountain path is steep; 540

The devil digs his graves too deep.

A prophecy—I told you so;

And wisdoms oft on asses go.

[*Exeunt Wid. and Joan.*]

Adel. That widow's daughter is too proud to pray;
It is too beggarly—so many sins.
My face is burning as with phosphorus;
Say, is it red?

Vit. Em.

Right rosy.

Adel.

Fiery!

As false as kisses made in broad daylight.

Vit. Em. A false complexion under eyes so true
Is too improbable.

Adel.

Impossible; 550

Such simple eyes would wash it right away.

No doubt eavesdroppers were disposed somewhere,
Knaves ready to exaggerate ill grace.

That touched my heart; my heart is swollen up.
What do you think of me?

Vit. Em. I? Very well.
You are an angel-blossom that will grow
To be the fleur-de-lis of paradise.

Adel. Who is the fairest creature in the world?

Vit. Em. That widow's daughter is as poor as fair,
And fit to double beauty in a glass. 569

Adel. Who is the fairest lady?

Vit. Em. She is still
One that the mirror loves.

Adel. That loves the mirror!
She wears a mousy mole on one bare knee;
I have a dimple there.

Vit. Em. So I supposed.

Adel. That I can prove.

Vit. Em. I do believe it.

Adel. Well!

A beggar be in doubt of royalty?

[*When mounting she slips almost into his arms.*
Help, I have hurt my knee; you let me fall.
What? am I poison?

Vit. Em. Most Serene, Most High
Illustrious Princess, I have sworn an oath.—
Would you give proof?

Adel. Am I too, beautiful? 570

Vit. Em. Witch-work or miracle, you madden me—
Time and again conjured, your mirror tells.

Adel. The mirror is but shallow.

Vit. Em. Look behind;
To know its shallowness is beautiful.

Adel. Fair women see fate in a looking-glass.
Mount, you.

Vit. Em. But I would help Your Highness mount
Toward heaven.

Adel. Merci! you get on behind.

Vit. Em. Your Highness laughs at passes dan-
gerous;

And revolution you put down with smiles.
Let me escort Your Highness' steed.

Adel. [Mounting] This beast 589
I give Your Lowness since you like him. Spite
Against affection dulls its edge ere long.

You see, ingratitude capitulates.
I have forgiven you for chiding me ;
How dared you make a royal princess weep ?

Vit. Em. Come Austria's debacle ; over throne
And empire's ruin, fire and brimstone, on ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE. *Three Forks of a Mountain Way.*

Enter the DUKE OF PARMA, mounted; THOMAS BARON WARD, BETTINO, and a Follower, on foot. Then enter COUNT VERI.

Veri. Most High, Most Mighty, and Illustrious Prince.—

But what is woman?

Parm.

Woman is a toy

Compact of devilish delights by twos;
Two lips with kisses, breasts with blushes, hips
With legs.

Ward.

You are the Sultan of Turkey.

Veri. The Duke, he of Calabria, presents
This strap of massy gold, with emerald
The firefly lost of eld in Hindustan.

Parm. Ring? wring his neck!

Ward.

His Royal Highness pines

After the retrospection you incite.

10

Parm. Let him beware the sickness wittingly
Contracted from this Princess Adelaide.
This love is known to be a germ disease;
Bacteria alight from some—but few—
As thickly as a perfume from a rose.
These people are the propagators of it;
To gender it are sick uncommonly;
Pell-mell the lovers they inoculate.
Now she puts love's bacilli in the air
Infectious as a muddle in a spring.

20

Veri. Since you have been in love.—

Parm.

In love and out!

Veri. And in again.

Parm.

My sorrow's madness, man.

Veri. It is a devilish feeling.

Parm.

Pleasant, too.

Veri. Yes, it is devilish.

Parm.

Devilish it is!

Veri. All friendship you deny, whose loss ere long
You will be laying to adversity.

Parm. Men, catch Count *Veri*'s jewels by the legs.

Veri. Ev'n thieves demur from robbing gracious
men.

Parm. What nicer is Calabria than thieves?

Why, I could chew at colocintidas,

30

And guzzle verjuice, bite at verdigris,

Or gobble quinine—out of bitterness.

Bet. Where shall we put him?

Parm.

On his wings depends

Whether he flies to heaven or descends.

Ward. Here comes the Princess!

Parm.

Breathing from her eyes!

Veri. He suffers from a monomania.

Ho! Highwaymen!

Ward.

Stand in a double shadow.

Parm. Tie up his prattle in a handkerchief.

Bet. Your Royal Highness is beside himself;

Your reason by your passion put to flight.

40

Parm. This emerald, whose lightning strike you blind
As ever is the hap of serpents, take.

Ward. No halting for consideration now;

To the declivity!

Bet.

Away with him!

Parm. Henceforth forever passion move the world!

Till ruin threatening the human race

Shall make some holy anchorets apace!

[*Exeunt Bet. and the follower with Veri.*

Ward. Like in a dump-cart, as a thoroughbred

Your Royal Highness ne'er had leave to run! [*Exit.*

Parm. Love is the word! O Lady Fortunate,

50

Fairer than sunshine, sweeter! challenge all

The nymphs of Italy to charm away

Thy palm of beauty—with impunity!

For thou outshinest the nonchalant nudes

Of fancy's most ethereal dreams so far

That men would hollo, *Vulgar souls, pass on!*

Behold! this is the fire to stifle mine!

[*Exit.*

*Enter the DUKE OF CALABRIA, PRINCESS ADELAIDE, and
COUNTESS LAURA, mounted; STEFANO, on foot.*

Adel. What trick with this conceited gardener?

Lau. As nightly as a negro make his shade
With tar; then feather him and copper him 60
Like any other bloody Indian;
Inoculate him with the jaundice next,
To typify an almond yellow-man;
And cover him with flower like a clown.

Adel. I shall entice him to a bower to-night,
Where honor cannot walk so crookedly;
And have men make him a chameleon.

Lau. Humph!

Adel. Let us sit in the luxurious shade
Of chestnut trees all afternoon; and see,
Leaning the most to breezes they love best, 70
The wingèd yachts like water-birds pass by.

[Dismounts and has Stef. lead her horse aside.]

Cal. An hour ago a cloudless sky; but look,
Creations of the fairy mapmakers!
Now all the misty heav'ns foreshadow rain.

Adel. Let heaven's raven top grow bald again.

Cal. You think I fear the rebels. I! I wish
I had a hundred to my single hand.

Enter PANTALEON.

Pan. *[Plays a stringed instrument and sings.]*
Adorning trees, by twos and threes,
They hang the nobles up to ease.

Cal. To dance on dynamite, to stroke a tiger— 80

Adel. The rebels will not find us, possibly.

Cal. To go in bathing with a crocodile,
To scratch a mad dog's nose—is possible!

Adel. You are the Prince of Promise in your land,
That people wish fulfilled; but once show fear,
They know the promise broke.

Cal. To hospice!

Adel. Go.

Cal. Contagious madness leads me on and on.

Grant but the tip end of your hallux nail
 To set in gold around a diamond ;
 So make my coat of arms a crescent moon,
 And, me turn Turk adoring.

90

Adel. Jump.

[*To Pan. who stands before seven stone steps.*

Pan. Highness, when the Earl of Inverness—

Adel. Well, jump! [*Whips him.*

Pan. I say the Earl of Inverness.—

Adel. Why do you tremble, fat boy?

Pan. The devil's daughter 's at boy.

[*Jumps to the seventh step but falls backwards.*

Adel. Bound higher, there ; leap upward, fly away !

[*Whips Pan. He jumps to the sixth step but falls backwards.*

Lau. Beware, I think his august master comes.

Adel. Jump till your ears crack. [*Whips him.*

Pan. Crack me nevermore.

[*Jumps to the fifth step but falls backwards.*

Adel. The Earl of Inverness? he fall in love?

You came to praise his level-headedness.

100

Pan. [*Sings.*

*His head it is a tripe head,
 And beveled like a board ;
 A parallelopiped
 As hollow as a gourd.*

Lau. Sing out another verse.

Adel. [*Whipping him*] Spring!

Pan. Hallelujah!

[*Jumps to the fourth step but falls backwards.*

Adel. Oh, he is like a low comedian
 That carries all his actions to excess
 For fear the people will believe in them.
 I knew an actor who became so great
 He acted for applause ; that ruined him.

110

Pan. [*Sings.*

*Brave man! how dare he fiddle
 On such a little leg?
 Thank heaven! toward the middle
 He fattens like an egg.*

Lau. Better and better.

Adel. [*Whipping him*] Up! [*Pan. jumps to the third step and falls backwards.*] Ascend again!

Lau. Your Highness! look!

Pan. I have the heart-disease.

Adel. The heart-disease? [*Whips him.*]

Pan. Hosanna!

Adel. To the highest!

[*Pan. jumps to the second step but falls backwards.*]

Lau. Beware, Your Highness! Mercy! here he comes!
His august master, Earl of Inverness.

Pan. [*Sings.*]

Shard for a head and beard like a thistle— 120

Tra-lala lah-lala lah—

Here comes one of the people especial—

Tra-lala lah-lala lah,

Lah-lala lah-lala lah.

Adel. Again! stand straight, swell up, bend double,
leap!

[*Whips Pan. who jumps to the first step only,
falls backwards, and lies as if in a swoon.*]

Lau. Oh, he has withered!

Adel. Never breathe again!

Ride on, Your Royal Highness; and you, too,
Your Ladyship. His Lordship leave to me.

Cal. Be thou forever worshiped as by me,
There never will be cause to pity thee. 130

[*Exeunt Cal. and Lau.*]

Enter the EARL OF INVERNESS on a donkey.

Adel. Oh, you have ventured far, brave Englishman,
Between two armies savagely opposed.

Inv. We bear a charmed name in Italy.—
For what, alas, do you lie dreaming there?

Pan. I dreamed my salary away.

Inv. Pooh pooh!

Your Highness, pardon him; one day he barks;
Another, cackles, crows, grunts, hoots, or roars.
He is a dog, cat, goat, pig, ass. But stay,

Good fairy, may I whisper in your ear?

Adel. If you tell dainty vagaries come near. 149

Inv. Sagacious Princess, do not be too sage.
 Less estimable though I be, it needs
 The incarnation of immortal ones
 To equal you who have no parallel.
 I am no king I know.

Adel.

A king enough!

Inv. I do not emulate the loftiest
 Whose ears the marvel of your beauty strikes,
 But too remotely like the fairy-tales
 That every day dull men's credulity.

Adel. Whose fairy-tale brought you?

Pan.

Mine, Highness, mine! 150

Adel. Can monsters' mouths inspire knightly quests?

Pan. No, but they can direct one to a plague.

Adel. True! thinking on an Indic fairy-tale;
 The sweetest things proceed from ugliness,
 And fair are fairest by antipathies.

Inv. When men would bless the lady they love most
 They say as fair as Adelia,
 Fair Maid of Brabant, in the days of old;
 As Agnes Sorel, Fairest of the Fair;
 And fairer than Grace Darling, heroine, 160
 While rowing to the fearful crags of Farne;
 Fairer than Jenny Lind, whose spell and song
 Move the admiring multitudes to tears;
 Fairer than Augustina, the brave nun,
 The Maid of Saragossa—bless her heart!
 But last the absolute superlative,
 Almost as fair as Princess Adelaide.

Adel. Beauty is double in a looking-glass;
 And that makes more.

Inv.

But will you have me?

Pan.

No!

Adel. Who knows?

Pan. [To *Inv.*] You are too blind to see in dreams. 170

Inv. He is a fool but yet a learned fool.

Adel. Before the mastering of any tongue,
 So many foolish words must be unstrung,
 A fool the more the languages he knows,

When he goes by, the greater fool there goes.
The eloquent, and linguists of the schools
Grow into that by prattling first like fools.
So much for fools ; how much for lovers, you ?

Pan. Love's sighs draw down the stomach, may it
please,

Such vasty atmospheres the lovers sneeze ; 180
Hence it must follow, as it does since Adam,
That too much love brings on consumption, Madam.

Inv. Your Highness is displeased.

Adel. Indeed, Your Lordship,
The contrary precisely.

Inv. I shall slice
This empty flunky into doughnuts.—Go.

Adel. Would our betrothal solace you, My Lord ?

[Whips *Pan.* as *Inv.* turns round.]

Inv. But will you marry me ?

Adel. I promise you.

Pan. [Sings.

A devil married with a saint ;

But she than he less devilish ain't ;

She whips her devil into wits

190

And gives His Majesty the mits.

Inv. But will you keep Your Highness' promise ?

Adel. Ah ?

Inv. When shall it be ?

Adel. Day before yesterday.

Inv. Am I Your Highness's back number ?—Go !

[To *Pan.*

You would as leave espouse a gardener. [To *Adel.*

Adel. Puissant Prince, come marry me in prose,
But come to me with lineaments like those.

Enter VITTORIO EMANUELE.

Inv. The Princess made cute eyes at him, by Jove !

Adel. We bought him at the show ; examine him.

This circus orator, my Highness' fool, 200

He, when my tailor finishes,

Will go in motley, wear an ass's ears,

Or bull-ring hang from his proboscis. Look!
I have Madame's consent to marry him.

Inv. What name is he?

Adel.

I never asked his name;

And never shall, for fear so commonplace
Its mention might bring sorrow to the man.

Vit. Em. Girl, I am better born than you.

Adel.

Prove it.

Vit. Em. And wealthier.

Adel.

Where do you carry it?

Vit. Em. A wealthy heart! aristocratic soul! 210

Inv. No fool but fool's half brother, a wise man.

Adel. We were not born to measure wits with them.—

You see, the more I love your intellect

I hate your person; it is not so bad

As being old; but, fashionable youth?

It is abominable.

Inv.

On my face

A thousand counts harsh fortune may bestow,

But she shall never count me out of heart

Till heart quits counting.

Pan.

Pity your old pup.

Inv. It is not length, it is the breadth of life; 220

'Tis mind, and measured by the area.

You know my title is an ornament

Bequeathèd carefully two centuries.

Adel. I am a plenty proud of all I have;

And you, of all you have; alas, My Lord,

Our fortunes join and we would make ourselves

So proud as to be quite unbearable.

Thanks, since you are a scion of great kings,

You that keep trophies old, as if to say,

Here is the block where Mary Queen of Scots 230

Was commonly beheaded.

Inv.

Commonly!

You hurt me, noble Princess; from that source

I am myself descended.

Adel.

Pardon, then.

To-night is imminent the slight new moon;

Over the dexter shoulder first behold;

That signifies good luck.

[*Exit.*

Pan. I wag my tail.

Inv. Your name?

Vit. Em. You heard the ladies naming me.

Inv. Your Christian name?

Vit. Em. Have you a boy to christen?

Inv. You are a racy fellow.

Vit. Em. Thanks.

Inv. And learned.

Vit. Em. Oh, thanks.

Inv. I know of your necessity. ²⁴⁰

[*Gives him a purse.*]

Vit. Em. And such an errand this shall go upon.—

But if you meant to be refused you lost.

Inv. It is a pleasure.

Vit. Em. Very many thanks.

Inv. You are a gentleman.

Vit. Em. A thousand thanks.

Inv. Upon the shoulders of my cursèd churl

Come shuffle your responsibilities.

A fool who strikes me justly and disdains

To rumor causes is by me esteemed;

But he who treats me sweetly for a wrong

Yet deprecates it to his own dear friend

²⁵⁰

Is but a toady and blood-poisoner.

Pan. I saved Your Lordship from this vinegar;

That merits a big penny; heigh, My Lord?

Inv. But half a fool, too often takes the blame;

Fools downright are too fatuous for shame.

Pan. Th' escape was lucky. Pickle, heigh, My Lord?

Inv. You wretched ass, unblushing!

Pan. Acid wretch!

Is Lordship going to attempt again?

Inv. Oh, you eternal fool, have you no shame

To shame so many reputable words?

²⁶⁰

Fool in eight languages! delirious,

Eternal, talkative, sly, knowing fool!

[*Exit with the donkey.*]

Pan. One fool's apology is—other fools,

And so we have a brotherhood of dulls.

It is enough.

Vit. Em. What is, Pantaleon?

Pan. The grace of God to people earth with fools.
 The world is foolish to the four quarters
 Because of divers rich opinions rife.
 Only opinion makes a fool ; alas,
 Opinion is the foolish multitude. 270
 Not to be foolish is to be alone,
 Frequent a hermitage in some seaholm
 Whose solitary habitant is wise
 Because opinion is unanimous.
 Erring since changeable, oft erring still,
 A woman mannish big opinion is
 To prove a man a fool by force of numbers ;
 Frail, wilful, woman-like, notorious
 For blazing fools and hissing savants well.
 To know opinion wise proclaiming us, 280
 To call opinion fool condemning us—
 We are but twice a fool, or doubly wise ;
 And if—the fool—we fall, we fall not far ;
 Then hey for confidence and self-conceit,
 No other way to rise but rise alone.
 I was a nodding wag as wise as you ;
 I was a nine-days' wonder too ; the tenth,
 So witty I was hooted.—Many thanks !

[*Receives money.*

Vit. Em. I learn a lesson. [*Gives Pan. more money.*

Pan. Very many thanks !

Vit. Em. The wisest men think things most foolish,
 heigh ? 290

These things they only think they are so wise ?

[*Gives Pan. more money.*

Pan. Be anarchists together.—Thanks again.

Vit. Em. An interesting wreck. [*Gives more money.*

Pan. A thousand thanks !

I thrived by literature, then kept a jail.

Vit. Em. What did you write ?

Pan. You'll tell.

Vit. Em. Upon my soul !

Pan. Then swear a mile of colors—devil ! damn !

Vit. Em. What ?

Pan. Cheques, My Lord.

Vit. Em. The prison, then, kept you.

Pan. It was the dirty bread and water, Lord.
A beggar's tale is worthy beer, good Lord.

Vit. Em. Why am I generous? [*Gives the purse.*

Pan. To get me drunk? 300

Vit. Em. It was the double-dealing of the brain
Which, half suspended, carried back my hand
Into the coffer of a better day.

Pan. I shall attend you further in a drunk.

Vit. Em. Slip down the valley like a hunted fox,
And take that money to the widow's hut

As fast as you can roll. [*Raises his hand.*

Pan. Hosanna!—Thanks.

The widow and the widow and the widow ;

The widow this and that, the widow's hut ;

The widow's fiddlesticks—the widow's daughter ! 310

A widow with a daughter I do love ;

A widow in a tavern, I love, too ;

But for the love of good old widowhood

I am no widow wooer.

[*Exit.*

Vit. Em. Go along.

*Re-enter unobserved PRINCESS ADELAIDE mounted,
with STEFANO leading her steed.*

Still have the nations striven from of yore

For thy fair fields, desired Italy.

Over the Alpine roads Alaric burst,

Whose mighty Visigoths enslaved us first ;

Attila with his Asiatic horde

Of Huns scourged Italy with fire and sword ; 320

The Vandals, Ostrogoths, and Lombards—they

Have left historic footprints on the way ;

How many more? the Germans, and the Franks,

And Spaniards, all have given us blows for thanks.

The nations go, yet Italy remains ;

And now, the Austrians violate the plains.

The peasant population how oppressed

By imposts, guilds, monopolies ; debased

To serfdom by the galling despotism

Of Austria's detestable police. 330

What beggary—oh, mournful nothingness !

As I was dreaming by the waterfall
 That fans Moltrasio from cooler airs
 I saw the Roman legions pass again
 In heavy armor from the mountainside,
 Bringing ten thousand captives that breathed fast
 And panted fearfully, until the lake
 Was red with wine and then with sacrifice;
 More marvel Italy is now enslaved!
 What should it signify? To conjure up
 The spirits of the generations past!
 For we can march determined in their tracks!
 And strike as heavily as they!

340

Adel.

Could you

Initiate me in your mysteries?
 For you are such a good conspirator
 The longer I know you the more I hate
 My Austria and love my Italy.
 Did you ever think yourself born for a king
 From penny worries free and meditate
 Classical rule?

Vit. Em. Worse.

Adel.

Did you have a queen? 350

Vit. Em. Did ever visionary crown himself
 Until a queen illumed his dreamery?

Adel. I am beset with suitors so, you know;
 What suitor is most suitable for me?

Vit. Em. The Duke of Calabria?

Adel.

He is too little.

Vit. Em. But he is bigger in his mirror's eye.

Adel. Your business swims, and still you bob it up
 On others' backs.

Vit. Em.

Not with a traitorous wish
 To lift myself whose downward balance sunk
 To overturning, but I did love you—

360

Adel. Men in the valley must climb up again.

Vit. Em. As was by fate disclosed.

Adel.

By fate? by you!

Vit. Em. The wealthy breed to beauty lustily;
 For beauty is a prostitute to wealth.
 The beautiful, from their beatitude,
 Are wooed to be the belles of misery,

Burnt by the cinders they themselves enflamed ;
And so the beautiful are blessed and cursed.
And princely weddings are for policy.

Adel. But would you recommend your name to me ?³⁷⁰

Vit. Em. The name is in its decrement ; in me,
The dark omikron of a waning moon.

Adel. But love ? how may one know it ?

Vit. Em. Know it thus—

Adel. Is one aware of it ?

Vit. Em. Love is an old

Anxiety, a yearning jealousy,
A day-dream and a nightly vigilance,
A hopeless famine, a poetic frenzy,
My God—a jubilation in the blood,
A fire and a lightning in the nerves,
Crippling the body it illuminates.

380

Adel. Where is it though ?

Vit. Em. It is in everything.

Where is the genius of her we love ?
A dryad—think—imprisoned in this oak !
We find a place of worship everywhere.
Behold these roses, smell how exquisite ;
We can imagine that a human soul
Is vanishing in perfumes out of them,
By poorer beauties half resembling those
Of her, belovèd ; but arrest them how ?

Adel. It is such perjury to love me still,
How shall I punish you ?³⁹⁰

Vit. Em. Let me be shot.

Adel. Base blood is gilded by the flow of love.
How, when his adoration was complete,
He gathered bush and roses in his arms ;
But by the scent embracing thorns, alas,
He fell down bleeding.—Signor, you are hurt.
Maybe the personage I could have loved
Has lodged a thousand years in Erebus.
But in the generations of cold time
That we poor too—precisely—have been born⁴⁰⁰
So close apart, is it not wonderful ?
If in remotest ages—dizzy thought !—
Of many million grandames, had but one

Not smiled away the blush of maidenhood ;
 Or one poor traveler not marked that smile,
 And to this other rhymed once plighted troth ;
 Had some fair maid in far-off Palestine
 Not frowned upon the forging of a birth
 Which would have killed that union's progeny ;
 Had one man's failure in primeval times, 410
 Of all the modern, world not changed the rhymes—
 The placing of a wound, a parted soul—
 The corn that made you might have fed a mole !

Vit. Em. Stand yonder in the utmost verge of heaven,
 With angels gossiping of distances,
 Then stand as far again unnumbered times,
 And other worlds behold as far again ;
 More intricate the mazes of descent
 Than these infinities of time and space.
 Since destiny your constellation hung 420
 My natal star has wobbled evermore.

Adel. You think so much of me, I think of you
 By some mesmeric influence of love ;
 And whisper to your stars to pity you,
 So they can light by the same influence
 The soul of life inside a dying fool.

Enter the DUKE OF PARMA mounted; unobserved.

Vit. Em. How do you hold the Duke of Parma?

Adel. No,
 I do not hold this bearded buffalo ;
 He loves as animals—his tale is cut.

Parm. One look at her can cure many wrongs. 430

Adel. Hail, Royal Highness !

Parm. Hail, Your Sweetness, halt !
 Your cheeks may lie in dimples like a bunch
 Of lilacs ever.

Adel. Indeed I did not see
 Your Royal Highness.

Parm. Would a man have sight,
 That failed to see Your Highness, by the heavens ?
 You bring to eyes of saints in portraiture
 Involuntary twinkles at first sight,

And marbles blush with passion as you pass.
The airy lovelinesses, atomies,
Making perfumery sweet one by one, 440
Have lighted on you ; now they flap their wings
To fly to heaven with satiety.
Now is the moment to ascend with them ;
Beauty is made to faint and vanish.

Adel. Oh !

Say I have noted what was happening,
Had I a right to whisper Heaven, *no*?
For Heaven beautifies His flowers to please.
Blame Heaven, never me. [Laughs.

Parm. For gratitude

Poor wayside flowers blow to heav'n bewitched ;
And still you linger this side paradise. 450
I cannot kill this guilty form of yours
For beauty taking sanctuary there ;
Oh marvel ! beauty hides so openly. [Catches her rein.
The rebels ! they are coming, fly with me !
You are my wings to heaven ; think me kind,
Much kinder than despair yet desperate.

Re-enter the DUKE OF CALABRIA, followed by PANTALEON.

Cal. Shall I stick his horse in the belly?

Pan. Stick him there.

Parm. Hear news from hell, that there are men in hell
That have offended me.

Cal. Set on your hound,
Three-headed Cerberus from unholy land ! 460

Briareus, giant with a hundred arms, [Beats the bushes.
Brandish from every bush Excaliburs.
This is a point of honor I take up
Against the boldest !

*Enter from the underbrush, THOMAS BARON WARD,
BETTINO, and a Follower, who disarm CAL. STEF.
holds a pistol at VIT. EM.'s head.*

Parm. We not intend to kill,
But being forced we shall with ready will.

Pan. My Highness, it is unbecoming you
To fiddle much with madmen.

Cal. So it is.—
I told you so. [To *Adel.*

Adel. Your Royal Highness, fly!
Think what a waste of time so soon to die.
Aspiring gardener—poor devil—go. 470

Vit. Em. One life I have, Your Highness, it is yours.

Cal. If I embodied nothing weightier
Than hapless Adamists, who count their time
Of no more value than a setting hen's,
The murder they propose would I embrace
Out of resentment.—Till to-morrow! then! [Exit.

Adel. To-morrow is too late; you coward, run!
As though a lover for your own dear life!
Would you forsake me as the soulless beasts
Whose mothers for their young ones risk their lives? 480
Your artificial dazzle blinded me,
But through your blackness I have strained, and see!

Pan. [Sings.

Shaky knees and speedy toes!
Outcast! outcast! there he goes!

Parm. This night shall blow us to enchanted lands;
And trackless out of fancy is the way.

Adel. That is a way I am afraid to go.
What use? when we arrive where brutish force
Is out of fashion I shall cry abroad
A sound that goes with murder on the night. 490

Parm. But by the time the dark's black hurricane
Has tickled the antipodes with dew
You shall have cause to marry, when I say
My love is lusher than a lettuce leaf.

Adel. Love's antonym! I would as lief be fish
As quarter near you. I would sooner make
My bed of swords. Before to-morrow, ere
Vainglorious day strikes night-time's music dumb
With harsher noises, you shall wake too wide;
Where? in hell-fire! with fiends to rake it up! 500
I loathe you to the brink of murder! Death
Shall be your waking! At the roll-call next

Hell will rise up with gobbling, hearing you.

Parm. Come now, my beautiful tragedienne,
You cannot look as angry as you speak.

Adel. I tell you no, and when I tell you no
No is my answer. No, I tell you no!

Parm. I have Your Highness' answer in plain terms ;
You speak love lessons in another tongue.
Smiles, eyes, pouts, tears, these forgeries of love 510
Are virtue in a woman beautiful.

Come now ! be better married you cannot.

Adel. When would you wed ? when wolves on poultry
starve !

Pan. [Sings.

Men who marry for a day.—

Follower. Do you see that head ?

Pan. Eh ? What head ?

Follower. What you are talking out of. A good
thing, shove it along. Be off.

[Motions as though throwing *Pan.*'s head.

Pan. Head, be off. [Exit. 520

Ward. I pledge myself for his fidelity.

Parm. Then have the best of fellows, whom you can—
It is beyond your choosing—whom you must.

Adel. A thief's recommendation ?

Parm. Beggar once,
You relegated me to mockery.

Adel. Among fair minds a fair apology
Richly atones for one bad word or two ;
And all my study shall henceforward be
To balance insult with a compliment.
One draught of Lethe makes the thoughts that fly
Not to have happened, so shall all this be ; 530
And for a pledge of secrecy profound,
Take two caresses and escort me home.

Parm. What earthly satisfaction in a kiss
That promises unkindness afterwards ?
Must I chew salt for vengeance ? Come along,
Beggars that steal get more than thieves that beg.
But I am ready to cite precedents
From myths, from legends, from true history,

Of like designs wherewith we sympathize.
We shall be honorably wed ; and you,
Just like a Sabine daughter of old time,
Will love and cherish me ; and come you shall.
Look where the moon, making the night admired,
Rolls up the side of yonder olive tree.
Our wedding flight over the mountain tops
By moonlight and the winging haste of love,
It shall begin a story without end,
A carnival of love in Switzerland.

Adel. But listen half a minute.

Parm. A sort of minute
That wears the sweetness out of time.

Adel. Listen !
I'll lash the horses o'er the cliff.

Parm. Insane !

[*Ward takes the horses by the bridles.*]

Adel. A truer passion than one saner makes.

All you that are the devil's worshipers—
Oh for a whip of scorpions on my tongue !
Abhorrence bait for such malignity !
As for the Duke of Parma, runt of men,
When he was born the devils howled, *All hail !*
Well that the days of chivalry are done,
Or Hercules would rise in every spirit
To stamp, for virtue, shame into your flesh.
What imprecations can condemn the tongue
That mine be damnèd cursing you away ?
Your nourishment be lepers' hands and arms !
And vomiting your pastime ! Oh, if hell
Holds any creature too deformed and damned,
May you become deformity's foul ape,
And be a devil avoided !

Parm. Noises, how

The tiny Princess throat produces them !
Heav'n order better music from those lips.
What is the use to execrate a name,
Which does not have the holding of a hair ?
You are a heaven-bussing cloud of lace ;
You witch-work ! I could crack your ribs with this
And pinch you with the other.

540

550

560

570

Ward.

Might as well

Pay flattering addresses to the gods.

Parm. Give wholly up.

Adel.

Better the cold embrace

Of earth than yours!

Parm.

I have an argument

Of force to move those magic limbs to love.

[Embraces her.

Adel. Help! slave! you are so much beneath a man
The dogs will scent you out to scowl at you. 580

Vit. Em. [Shooting Stef. dead]

There is eternal food, unsorry wretch;

Shall every petty villain feed on her?

You should have stared more steadily at me.

[Takes up Cal.'s sword and gives Stef.'s pistol
secretly to Adel.

Parm. Whip out your sickle, we shall settle this

By arbitration of the gods!

[Dismounts.

Vit. Em.

Come see

The price of psalms rise on the judgment-day!

[Bet. and the follower fight with Vit. Em.

Adel. Shall common gardener exalt himself

To murder my astonished equerry?

Bet. Surrender, villain!

Vit. Em.

Infamy enough.

Adel. If any fights for true love strike as true. 590

No need to kill him now about to run;

But if he had a sythe.—

Parm.

What havoc then?

Vit. Em. While in my hand I hold an inch of steel,
And in my body any drop of blood,
I shall adventure on the way to death.

Adel. The blood is up! strike back, my gardener;
Strike home! you have a chance to die for me;
Strike hard! their souls are shotted down to hell;
Strike, while the blood is hot!

Vit. Em.

It beats my sides.

Adel. A fighter for his true love who shall say 600
Killed by an actor's passion? by a mere
Mechanical rascal, mercenary coward?
As one would spit away a cherry-stone?

Many a lifetime hinges on one day!
 Give me to say, *I thank you in my tears!*
 Think of some princess and a tournament;
 And I shall stick my eyes into your blood
 At every atom like a needle point!
 Then you struck gold. I thank you, knave, for that;
 I did not know the fire in your veins! 610

Ward. [*Behind Vit. Em., and uplifting a club*]
 Until the judgment morning.

Adel. Treachery!
 Help! Blush as black as night! go, treachery,
[Shoots Ward down.]

Where fire will broil the grease from hypocrites.

Parm. [*To Bet. and the follower who give ground*]
 Rip up his body! where the ribs grow short!

[Bet. takes to flight.]

Adel. Your lips are not for mine, but to utter despair;
 Your time, for prison walls; your eyes, for tears;
 Your voice, for dirges—cursings against woe;
 Your limbs, for palsy; sleeps, for incubus.

Parm. Stand up! [To the follower.]

Follower. Oh, I am wounded.

Parm. [*Killing the follower*] Coward, die!

Adel. Oh, heinous deed—poor man—enormity! 620

Vit. Em. Now fly. [To Parm.]

Adel. He! when rhinoceros takes wing!

Parm. Give ground! [Beginning to fight.]

Adel. [*To Vit. Em.*] Thrust in, paralysis to touch!

Parm. [*To Adel.*] I shall enfold that body in these
 irons

So fondly I shall suck the flesh away,
 Until your soul is out, with love; with that,
 Or with the savage clench of death; no mean,
 For you, betwixt the compass of these arms
 And dissolution to the elements.

Adel. Strike while his blood is going out at breath!
 Rip him up proximally, rip him up; 630
 Lop off his distal members, lop them off;
 Sanguinolency carnify that trunk,
 And make of him deformity's foul ape
 Till Dagon at the whining torso spit!

Ha! he be ousted by an Adamist?
Hurrah! now murderer, you have your match;
Will you be amorous? you be in love?
Can you and scorpions and vipers love?
Can snakes and bears their victims hug to death!
You cannibal!

Parm. Have mercy.

Adel. Wolves love lambs, 640
Tigers and lions love poor travelers,
The devil loves his worshipers—for what?
Hell-fire! you were born in the wrong world;
You should have been directly born in hell.
Could you but get now to your paramours
Where reeking garters make you sneeze all day.—
Strike that the breast which carries such a weight
Be soon abandoned! give that body vent;
Vent! vent for such a soul! between the ribs!
True stroke, true lover; all the world shall know; 650
Good gentleman! I thank you in my tears;
You hero!

Vit. Em. Girl, for God Almighty's sake,
Fly!

Adel. Better so; now I agree with you.
[*Exit.—Parm., grappling with Vit. Em., is
thrown. The latter puts his foot on
Parm.'s neck and whips him with Adel.'s
riding-whip.*]

Parm. Triple damnation follow you, all hell,
The fires, the furies, vengeance evermore!

Vit. Em. The lash shall draw respect for beauty yet.

Parm. Oh, kill me, kill me, this is torturing.—
Phosphoric burnings, purgatory, death!
Oh, to have lacked of executioners
To kill a torturer that murders me. 660
Slave, sleep with vipers, boil in poison! God!
Your foot is strangling me.

Vit. Em. Strangle awhile.

Parm. Oh I am bleeding, bleeding!

Vit. Em. Bleed again;
Moan till the four winds whistle, leech in love;
Complain till hell's siroccos sympathize.

Parm. You hurt me terribly ; oh, I am sick.
 The guilty givings of indebtedness,
 The wicked whisper of necessity,
 The agonies of a despairing love,
 The envy to behold a newcomer—
 Whose fortune needs no gracing, graced—all things
 Have turned my honeyed words to hurricanes,
 All to evoke the spirit of revenge ;
 But I am sorry, sorry.

670

Vit. Em. [*Letting him up*] Take your hurts.

Parm. By wolves and sharks I swear you shall atone.

Vit. Em. Who will enforce atonement ?

Parm.

I ! I ! I !

Vit. Em. By cats and dogs I swear the contrary.

Parm. A curse light here like that on Tara's halls
 Where kingly synods nevermore would sit
 So reeked the place with superstition !

Vit. Em.

Curse ; 680

To help out fate go mutter like a witch
 Under the chimney, dating Heaven's grace ;
 But time is his own fortune-teller, mark.

[*Exit.*

Parm. Murderers !

The dead shall rise against their murderers !
 And curses evermore shall fill with poison
 The universal stomach of the air !

Ward. Help me, Most Noble Prince, for Jesus' sake.

Parm. Help you to hell, you stew of treachery !

[*Kicks Ward over the precipice.*

690

His brains are dashed.

Hello ! I charge you, Thomas Baron Ward,
 Speak !—Habit cannot make him speak again.
 The dead not answering, amazes us.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE. *A Castle Ruin.*

PRINCESS ADELAIDE *in the tower. A storm brewing.*
Enter VITTORIO EMANUELE in the moat.

Vit. Em. Queen of the mists of angels sweet, look
down

And love me—all the world will love me then;
Not hate me that the world despise; for thou
Art all the world. Look down and murder me;
For face to face with angels, mortals die.

Adel. What sound is that?

Vit. Em. It is the thunder's roll
Foreboding war in heaven; look away,
The smoke of battle gathers overhead.

[Enters the castle. Adel. withdraws.]

*A violent thunder-storm. Enter the DUKE OF PARMA
and BETTINO in the moat.*

Parm. Lightnings and cataclysms in the orb
Of heav'n compounded for catastrophe!—
Oh, pent-up patience!—from disruption spout
Gall! like the Duke of Parma. Woe is me!
Ev'n the terrific moon with frenzy sick,
Through the loud darkness most unbearable,
Belated hurtles like a hurricane
So we can hear it though we see it not.

10

Bet. The moon has not been seen for all this month,
Nor will the next, nor evermore will be
Through the rank blackness of this sacrilege.

Parm. Now hate, now passion, now the sense of loss,²⁰
And now chagrin is bleeding me to death.

Bet. The heat is heavy, you can hardly breathe.

Parm. Hale to the onset once again!

Bet. If five

Could not arrest disaster how can two?

Parm. Go like a lightning to the scattered few
Still superstitious in their loyalty,
And charge them on the imminence of death
To follow here.

Bet. By what authority?

Parm. Parma is lost, and Princess Adelaide
Is lost, and Thomas Baron Ward is dead. 30

Bet. What profit?

Parm. Outcast! Who am I? Am I?—
I am the Duke of Parma! I shall make
That nomen to false bloods so ominous
The red-hot corpuscles shall burn to ash,
Pallor succeeding shame.—You know too much.

[*Draws.*

Bet. The corpuscles within my blood turn round.

Parm. Where is Count Veri?

Bet. Merciful.—

Parm. You shake.

Bet. Between that flash of gold and collied cloud
Behold the new and ill-betiding moon
Over the left, the shoulder sinister; 40
That member taking with quick chills and cramps.

Parm. The murderer thinks every knot an eye.

Bet. We lay our consciences on spirits' eyes.

Parm. Allegiance! by Almighty God.

Bet. I swear.

Look, look! the moon shot like a meteor! [*Exit.*

Parm. Now on the gloomy roll of heaven's wrack
God's pitchfork pen writes tragedies in fire. [*Lightning.*
What? brooding vengeance, Thomas Baron Ward?
I doubt if through the death of life we meet.

[*Enters the castle.*

Re-enter VITTORIO EMANUELE and PRINCESS ADELAIDE in the tower. The storm continues.

Adel. The death of three to-day?—What voice was
that? 50

Vit. Em. I heard none dreader than Your Highness'
own.—

The death of four, Your Highness—one to be.

Adel. The lightnings flashing in the darkness—look!
Make sudden day and night successively.
Sit down Your Highness—close.

Vit. Em. Three dazzling strokes
Of lightning startle you.

Adel. Oh, no, no, no.
How did you leave His Royal Highness there?

Vit. Em. He grappled me, but falling under foot
Received some blisters from your riding-whip;
Yet leaped he like Antæus from the ground; 60
And while his lungs, still lolling in his throat,
Put curses in the air, I came away.

Adel. The felon Duke of Parma! Draw!

Vit. Em. [*Drawing*] Beware!
The way is narrow here, and dangerous!—
It was the lightning's gabble; nothing fear.

Adel. It was the devil's avatar, the Duke.—
Ah well, no human hubbub frightens me
(With you before me thrusting I would fight
A ducal army), but when heaven burns
Oh, what salvation earth, between two fires? 70
Then mercy.—You are not the only one
Who risked his life for me; the others died.
I am too ugly to be loved so well.

Vit. Em. They were not blind; but God is deaf and
blind,
Or he would have you walk in paradise
And talk with cherubs if he saw or heard.

Adel. Then I had best be shy about a church.
Alas, supposing He should see me here?
What peals of thunder shake the castle down!
God is so great the heathen make of Him 80
A thousand gods—that would be perilous.

Vit. Em. Give me your hand.

Adel. In marriage?

Vit. Em. No, to kiss,
To cauterize my lips.

Adel. To bite it-off!

Vit. Em. This is not woman's hand.

Adel. It is not man's?

Vit. Em. No mortal hand was ever like it.

Adel.

Oh!

Vit. Em. When Eve was young her alabaster arm
And marble hand, which held the apple out
And tempted Adam from his paradise,
Were wondrous fair, no doubt; Penelope,
Whose hand undid at night the tapestry
That still she wove against her wedding-day,
Held many a prince in leash for punishment;
And with a hand of touching loveliness
Young Hero, Venus' priestess, in her tower
Lighted Leander to his watery grave.

90

Adel. The hand of Laura, screening one fair eye,
Slipped off the famous glove that Petrarch stole;
It was a hand that never he might hold,
Who bade the river run to kiss her feet.

Vit. Em. Come all these hands, and Beatrice's hand
That led her Dante into paradise,
Yet never woman's hand could equal this—
Not Miriam's hand again, the hand that rocked
Her brother, infant Moses, in the flags;
And over the Red Sea with timbrels light
All Israel's daughters led a triumphing.
Alas; Your Highness, this is angel's hand.

100

Adel. You love my Highness, do you love myself?
Here is the mount of Venus; here, of Mars;
Now which do you believe predominates?

110

Vit. Em. Saint Agnes' hands! two miracles in flesh
She clasped in sculptural beauty on her breast;
And one she moved to make the sign of the cross
Before false idols, going to her death;
And one, toward heaven; and was crucified.

Adel. I read the story of Charlotte Corday,
Who, with a hand no fairer sung than mine,
Struck deep for France; and after she was dead,
Inspired two youths to die of pure love.
But of all women, I should rather be
Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans,
Who, toward the south of that beleaguered town
When she was wounded, wept some woman's tears;
Yet, with that hand I wish were mine she seized
A standard and went forth to victory.

120

Vit. Em. Base were the cowards that forsook her!—
As when

The hand of Deborah, the prophetess,
Down from Mount Tabor waved the valiant few
Against the mighty hosts of Canaanites,
Point me out greater dangers till I die! 130

Adel. Could you accommodate me with a kiss?

Vit. Em. My pleading banter; but reward it not;
Such counter-feelings muddle up the pit
And pointel of my heart, flushing my eyes.

Adel. Oh, ox in love!—Hands in the pockets, there;
It is such perjury to love me still.

Vit. Em. Oh, we are weak enough before we add
To our infirmities forbidden oaths,
In single mightiness defying God,
Making familiar with divinity. 140
The boast of excellence loses itself
When only resolution wins the day.

Adel. This eye is black; what is your other? Ah,
The other, stormy black—a red and black.
Your either eye drips like a watercress,
And lips look esculent enough to kiss.
How would it be? delectable? Kiss me—
If I say, *Kiss me*.

Vit. Em. Do not dare to touch me.

Adel. Come near.

Vit. Em. But now I shall respect my oath
Which I shall only gain the sin to break. 150
Beyond my touch is out of my blind sight.

Adel. I blindfold you to keep you from a lie.

[*Blindfolds him.*]

Vit. Em. The Duke of Parma.—Keep a daylight eye
For passes in the dusk.

Adel. A marvel how

The rusty garden sickle parries them;
My brave, my noble, excellent, kind man!

[*Touches her cheek against his.*]

Vit. Em. What flame was that whose scorching
breath darted
Across my neck?

Adel. [*Kneeling between his feet*] A lightning in the night.

Oh, pitapat, I hear your heart go thump—

Abracadabra—like a windmill pump; 160

And oh, your cheeks, they have turned fiery red
Till every pinching leaves a finger-mark.

Vit. Em. Touch not a madman.

Adel. You are feverish.

Vit. Em. Ah, by the heart of Heaven's King I love
you,

Although you tiptoe over me all day.

Adel. [*Removing the blindfold and looking up*]
You see—what do you see inside my eyes?

Vit. Em. Myself, sweet saint.

Adel. Look deeper; see! my soul.

Vit. Em. My soul, dear saint.

Adel. Love is a wondrous thing,
Belovèd.

Vit. Em. Mockery, a madding thing.

Adel. Lord, after I had blessed you half an hour 170
I threw a blessing from my lips to yours;
We could not kiss good-by, I kissed my hands.
Your lips look lonesome, here is company.

[*Kisses him, then hides her face.*]

Vit. Em. O Princess, darling, you have made me mad
To love beyond the compass of sane minds.
The coming and the going of my blood
Is a continuous bleeding in my veins.

Adel. If I must love you I must love right well.

Vit. Em. Oh, love me more than poison can love
death. [They embrace.]

Adel. Yes, yes, say on.

Vit. Em. If all I ever thought, 180
And all I think, and all I ever shall,
As written on my inmost soul, lay bare,
Then you would find love-passages so far
Beyond the touch of dedicated art
That you would choke to turn the pages o'er.

Adel. Come to my vestal sanctuary soon,
And I, fair Rosamond—ask as you will—
Shall sooner shed with you now and again

Some tears to lay the dust of your despair
Than see you breathe these suffocating sighs. 190
Lay down your bloody sword between us two,
And in this tower we shall sleep to-night
As in the legends of knight-errantry.

Vit. Em. All day, all night, forever roll
Through me the music of thy soul.

Adel. I'll meet you in the bower of blisses
Where we shall slumber between kisses,
And to each other's voices hark,
For love is loveliest in the dark.

Enter in the moat ARCHDUKE RANIERI, the DUKE OF CALABRIA, DUKE OF MODENA, EARL OF INVERNESS, COUNTESS LAURA, and Austrian Guards; then they enter the castle.

Vit. Em. Presto! the elements have taken breath. 200

Adel. The spring has come, there is a rainbow, there;
Look quickly—look! It fades and disappears.—
Woe! here they come! that ever I was born!
My father and my kinsfolk, all the world;
Oh, yes, an itching pickle I am in!
You noted their approach, but I could not;
And so to make me one with littleness,
Why, therefore, you contaminated me.

Vit. Em. God bless you, to enlarge Your Highness' worth

And make myself supremely less than naught 210
I shall pretend that I assaulted you,
Arouse suspicion by concealment here,
And look to make amends with all my life.

[*Ascends the tower.*]

Adel. Fool to believe that I would humbly melt,
Instinct with pity for a warmish breath;
This I shall howl abroad; deny one word,
Mine is the weightier in Lombardy.
Shame hide you! better herald Mercury
Lend wingèd heels to your lack-courage hence,
Or you shall suffer for this impudence.— 220
Help! ho!

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter the DUKE OF PARMA in the moat.

Parm. This gardener is neuter gender, true;
Adonis was a eunuch if sweet Venus
Was half so lavish as this princess here.
An animal was swimming in her blood.
Ha! Venus' baby treading on her toes
Has hugged her calf and kissed her round the knees,
Has filled her breasts to bursting, and has tipped
Her nipples with a pollen of red love,
And from one wrist to other drawn a kiss, 230
And poured a burning philter down her throat,
And put a quart of marrow in her back,
Swum in her blood, and tickled her all day,
While she has smacked the cheek of Cupid's thigh.
What need of convoy for a wanton—faugh!—
Who finds a pleasure in chance violence.
Fum! I shall stand above when they pass by,
And hurtle, overhead, the mountain tops.

[*Exit.*

Enter PANTALEON from the stairs which VIT. EM. ascended.

Pan.

[*Drinks and sings.*

*The devil got drunk
And, ki-plank-ki-ti-plunk!
He tumbled right down on the level;
And the devil he lay
For the devil a stay,
Then the devil he raised the devil.*

*He turned inside out,
And his foot came out
'Twixt his lips one pale one ruddy;
He reached for his hair
But his mouth was there,
And never a bone in his body.*

250

Shouts. Tar and feather him! Lynch him! Hang him! Crucify him! Behead him!

Re-enter the tower PRINCESS ADELAIDE, *with* ARCHDUKE RANIERI, *the* DUKE OF CALABRIA, DUKE OF MODENA, EARL OF INVERNESS, COUNTESS LAURA, *and* Guards.

Adel. Does he deny it?

Mod. Where's that traitor gone?

Pan. That individual? he is my friend.

Mod. Tell or be hanged instead.

Pan. He is my friend.

Mod. Hang up the dog.

Adel. What? murder him?

Pan. I'll tell.

Inv. I shall arouse the people. *[Exit.*

[They place a plank across the moat.

Pan. Scaffold, heigh?

[Drinks and sings.

Oh heav'n is high

And Hades low.

How can I die?

260

Too far to go.—Oh.

Mod. Beware.

Pan. I'll tell. *[Drinks and sings.*

I shall not hop

To heaven? no!

When I can drop,

Just drop to—oh.—Oh.

What shall I whisper to the devils, your friends?

Mod. Guards, hang him up.

Cal. He coughs.

Mod. Now let him dangle.

Ran. Let him down. Now, speak.

Mod. Have you not thought again? 270

Adel. I deemed you cowardly an hour ago.

Pan. This difference in choosing martyrdom;

For nothing—something. Brothers— *[Drinks.*

To tickle my imagination!

Tame torture gagging; pull!

Now here's where friendship ceases; say I died

Making death comical. *[Drinks.*

Re-enter VITTORIO EMANUELE.

Vit. Em. Try as you may
You cannot make death comical.—Leave off!

Pan. I suffered from a royal highness, Lord. 279

Shouts. Spy! spy! rake! brute! Hang the spy!
Strangle the brute! Murder the rake! Pinch him!
Gag him! Pike him! Burn him!

Mod. There! loop the rope around his neck midway
And pull at either end a tug of war.

Cal. Let go my ear!

Mod. Pull fast! and let him writhe!

Pan. My masters, we make felons of ourselves.

Mod. Pull! let him wriggle! pull!

Cal. Oh, wicked he!

Adel. Now, God forgive me, you are strangling him!
Help! mercy! murder!—Oh, woe, woe, woe, woe! 289

*Re-enter, in the moat, the EARL OF INVERNESS, with a
Rabble; then all enter the castle.*

Shouts. Pantaleon! good man!—Gardener! O generous man! God bless him! Down with the noblemen! Kill the Austrians! Set all their villas afire!

Adel. Grow white! [Strikes Cal.]

Cal. Oh, my backbone is broken!

Adel. [Striking Mod.] Hold!

Go find your breath!—Fanatics! murderers!

[Strikes others.]

Ambitious zealots! Stop, undo the rope!

Barbarians! outlaws! Block the entrance there!

[The guards retire to hold back the people.]

You did not hear me? when I tell you, stop,

Then stop. Untie the rope.—Speak for yourself.

[To Vit. Em.]

Speak out, say everything; speak, I am dumb.

Pan. The Princess call to witness first herself. 300

Adel. Why, then, I say.—

Vit. Em.

Call not angels to witness;

For perjury is odious enough

In sight of renegades and fabulists;

And, though to be forsworn and think on it,
Is retribution plenty, do your wills.

Mod. Disclose your partners in conspiracy;
Or, torture first, and hanging afterwards.

Vit. Em. The Princes having fled, whose tyranny
Oppressed the Duchies, the Grand Duchy, and
The States Pontifical—my Piedmont sends 310
To Parma and Modena, Farini;
D'Azeglio to Romagna; Ricasoli,
The Iron Baron he, to Tuscany;
Men to administer these provinces.
And Piedmont's thousands are three score and ten
That brandish in the face of Austria
The white cross of Savoy. From Tuscany
General Ulloa and eight thousand more
March northward to the Quadrilateral.
Ev'n from the utmost of King Bomba's rule 320
Come regiments in dudgeon. Batteries—
Battalions with field-cannon and siege-guns—
Do target-practice at the Austrians.

The wingèd lion of Saint Mark's is up;
The tocsin sounds, the hurly-burly grows;
With pistols, sabres, at their girdles, monks;
Volunteers and regulars, fire-eaters all,
An aggregate of ninety thousand men,
All these are trusty vassals to my hope,
Who echo, *Out with the barbarians!* 330

Ran. God put a witness, proof in guilty mouths
Above the stand of angels. Confidence,
How violated! in my house a rake;
A serpent in my empire! Faith be false,
And promises like schoolboys' marbles roll;
The human mind is like a palimpsest
Whose value is not truly manifest
Till we can read beneath.—Conspirator,
The law must wrap its arm around your neck.

Adel. Speak, I implore you.

Ran. Have your latest say. 340

Vit. Em. [*To Adel.*] If you are angry to be loved,
adored,
Be most with me. I loved Your Highness well—

I need not to deny—it was too true—
You know it anyway—I did love you ;
And I do love you, for I swore at first
To love you still through all vicissitudes.
Ten times the earth has wandered round the world,
Ten misty years a heathen I have been,
For ninety thousand hours, all that time ;
And all my travelings on earth have been 350
Like the unbalanced walking in a dream ;
No hour, not any hour, not one moment
But you were in my mind the burning star :
Often I bit the dust, where you had stood,
To smother choking ; at the garden side
I planted in your footprints flowers that grew
The most luxuriant of all by me,
So you might look behind on flowers alone ;
No hour of application—in pursuit
Pale learning's wolfish haste from this to that, 360
For fear that you might speak in tongues divine
Could never teach me languages enough
To tell your phantom half love's eloquence ;
No hour of sleep—a hundred times a night
Scouring the orchard vale of Avalon,
I sang to you almighty words asleep,
In languages I cannot use awake,
The words I breathed to you and your replies
Being scribbled o'er the brink of paradise ;
That wondrous vintage there I dared not kiss 370
Made me intoxicated when you drank ;—
In all the interval from then till now,
All night among the phantoms of my brain,
All day within the mirror of my mind
Where you had peeped, hovered your image still ;
Still down the mescal vista of my sight
You trailed in a miraculous mirage ;
Ever your fairy figure faded out
Like perfect snow and hallowed as a ghost.
And shall not I love's chiefest martyr be ? 380
Here is a token I received from you
So early you remember it no more ;
Take it, Your Highness, faulty answers null

Figures of lifelong solving, flashes of light
Ruin temples ages building. Fare you well.
When long these frowning noblemen have done
Whose countenances seem unanimous
To spirit me to heav'n, remember me—
That time shall come when you may better like
The name that you shall know—remember me ; 390
And think how one poor gardener implored
That you be saint-like as you do appear.
You look as I have hoped the angels look ;
Look up to heav'n—now angels envy you,
Thinking you are a spirit like themselves—
You do look like an angel. Kill me now.

Mod. Come, readjust the rope and hang him up !

Pan. Never mind, Lord, I used to sleep that way.

Cal. My foot is tangled in the cord, forbear.

Mod. On with the sport ! 400

Adel. From your tribunal I appeal to God ;
From God to his people ! Belch, you gaping mouths
Till you are empty ! indignation burst !
And Heav'n affright ! He is as brave, as guiltless,
As I am guilty ; save !—Fly ! fly away ! [*To Vit. Em.*

[*An uproar. Adel. pushes a guard into the
moat. Vit. Em. escapes across the plank.*

But where—away ? [*Blocks the passage.*

Vit. Em. What other world exists ?

Mark my direction only and behold
More than I can.

Adel. [*Throwing his sword across the moat*]

You would defend me, sir.

If you with low lamenting fill the air
And lose the time in wild imagining, 410
Before you wander distant think of me ;
In all your aspirations, all your prayers,
Your sleeping, dreaming, waking, think of me ;
Behold the dawn, the noon, evening and night,
And say she wakens, walks, dances and dreams,
And thinks of you the livelong summer day ;
But when the sun is lost in thunder-storms,
Then in the flash of lightning think of me,
And name me in the thoughts you breathe away ;

Be melancholy and remember me, 420
Imagine I am melancholy, too;
When you are homesick, deary, think of me;
No plainer words I know to guide you back.

Vit. Em. When in my night come visionary forms
Of God's good angels—dreams, O Princess, dreams—
Your angel's face will be the master-face
To millions trooping with one countenance,
Yours, only yours, all other angels false. [Exit.]

Mod. A spy!

Guards. A spy!

Ran. A criminal condemned,
To Austria dangerous—make ready—aim.— 430

Adel. My temples burn as though the skin peeled off,
And not a muscle in my body's still,
But every fiber as a felon throbs
For him!

Mod. Fire!

Adel. [*Beating down the guns so that they explode
into the moat; and still blocking the passage*]
Swift to your flight! the wingèd Pegasus,
As when he struck with his inspired hoofs
The fountain Hippocrene from Helicon,
Strike lightning! and with you astride unseen,
And swifter than the midnight hurricane
Or the black shadow of the sun's eclipse, 440
Evanish! like a spirit, bullet-proof!

Ran. That spirit pledged his body to the grave.

[Holds Adel. back.]

Adel. Then I shall follow fast to paradise.

Ran. The sun plays bopeep with the mountain tops.
When shadows stretch a universal length,
And fire-beacons light rebellion on,
The wood is not the place for princesses.

Adel. I have read otherwise in fairy-tales.
Why has he made his race a mystery
But that the muddled course of his descent 450
Is turned awry by some impediment?
Since Your Imperial Highness drove away
My gardener, as from Beelzebub
Now banish me.

Cal. Your Highness, what abuse!
Women are changeable.

Adel. The world turns round.

Cal. As fickle as a fitful baby-cry.

Adel. You wrote the verses?

Cal. Fiction, I confess.

Adel. The only virtue in a lie is this—
Too true it is a lie.

Ran. Come now, my child.

Adel. It is so long since you commanded me 460
I have forgotten, half, how to obey.—
He is superior by birth and book,
By form and valor, too.

Cal. I love you so
I cannot mar it with comparisons.

Adel. Witness when Thomas Baron Ward was down,
After Your Royal Highness slunk away,
And some expired and others slept in blood,
And all of them were down, o'erthrown by him;
Then, when the Duke of Parma shook his sword
And, breathing frenzy at him, dashed afield, 470
How—valiant swordsman! glorious again!—
He saved me! Mars! and oh, the difference;
A comet to a tadpole.

Pan. Wiggle away.

Cal. His hours of night are hours while you sleep.

Adel. Oh, he is constant as the deities
Of marble white as perfect snow. A blush
At human doings
Incarnadined the ichor in his veins.
Ye Gods, what highest attributes have ye
For his great virtues to exaggerate? 480
An orator; he breathes the raw air in
And turns out gold! give him a cause to plead
And he can plead divinely as of love.
Make him a captain, or prime minister,
Archduke, or little king.

Shouts. Hurrah!

Ran. Come, come!

Adel. Oh, Your Imperial Highness spoilt your child
To make her wickedder than Jezebel;

Why, then, coerce the Princess Adelaide
And have a coffin for her wedding-bed.

Ran. Become no more disgraced by gardeners. 490

Pan. [*Across the moat*] Not he but she was guilty,
Highnesses,

This woman's doings are irregular.
As here they sat he was distraught with love;
And she, as happy, would allure him
By cobweb stairways to her bower of bliss.

Adel. I saw affliction creeping from his eyes,
And would have been an angel to his grief.

Pan. She by enchantment moved her easy joints
And dimpled arms that lazily enough
Fanned past his mouth, with gestures ravishing, 500
Sufficient to have turned heav'n's hierarchs,
But never him. Your Princess is possessed;
Insanity is fickle, so is she;
Ran helter-skelter like a roach insane,
To cry about that he assaulted her. [*Exit.*]

Adel. My lips were frozen to my teeth.

[*A commotion among the common people.*]

Mod. What's this prolonged derision of the leaves
And fitful hissing of Plutonic snakes?

Ran. My children, peace; he was abused, no doubt.
The Princess shall atone for this—tell that— 510
With showers of silver from her balcony.

Shouts. Hurrah!

Adel. Say, do you choose to let me go,
Or rather take the pains to murder me?

[*Pulls loose from Ran., crosses the plank, and
pushes it into the moat.*]

Cal. Oh, teach me how to win back you again.

Adel. Good Goddess Fortune made not me a man.

Cal. When angels speak attending mortals die.
Was it that incantations charmed my ears?
Oh, no, the siren music of your voice!
You could not sing ever so high in heaven
But I would hear an angel in my dreams. 520
Or say, did magic fairy-lead my sight?
No, no, it was your beauty spellbound me;
I have a quarrel with sense in spite of faith;

Far better born completely deaf and blind
Than to have seen and heard and been denied. [*Faints.*

Ran. Look to the noble Prince.—Now womanhood
Shall spread its haunting shadow over you ;
The cares and soilures childhood's gods sustain
On your own conscience be ; and there are some
Who with a nun's veil seek to cover up
What death can never hide. If you should meet
My gardener, let him escort you home ;
Go to your mother, come no more to me.

530

Adel. What need a father and a husband, too ?
He is a rebel ! A more gallant man
While fame goes round the world ahead of him
Could never against tyranny stand up !
Shoot if you dare, I am a rebel, too !

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE. *A Mountain Way.*

Enter VITTORIO EMANUELE.

Vit. Em. The sun is going down on all my hopes.
If she had died she would have heard a dirge
Ascend as long as ere I went with men.
To-morrow I shall cry, *Hail, heaven light!*
For she is still synonymous with light;
So shall I summon her at dayspring still,
And yet all this will only turn to woe.

Enter PANTALEON, drunk; Widow, and JOANNA.

Pan. [Sings.]
A fat shave and a soup sandwich
Make a fellow feel outlandish.

I remember when I was mortal once. 10

Joan. You are drunk now.

Pan. Drunk yourself, you choose a gait so serpentine.

Wid. [Pointing at a mile-stone marked P. 13]

We by an evil-omened mile-stone live,
Beneath whose dark *thirteen* the lizard creeps,
And points a loveless finger after us.

Vit. Em. Thirteen that made that land across the sea,
Of lucky history;

Thirteen, the luckiest number of them all!

Pan. Sapristi! thirteen miles to P.?

Vit. Em. Go along. 20

Pan. What right have you to interfere with me?
What—what the devil? What?—From hell to bedlam!
What are you going to do with that big head?

[*Vit. Em. pulls off Pan.'s wig.*

Wid. Why, Hannibal! O long-lost Hannibal!
Oh, happy, happy hour! oh, now you know

A tun of mischief lately crushed us down
Till yonder friend.—O Hannibal, you're drunk!

Pan. Oh, would that I were born when Adam was.
I'm cheated of a naughty spell of fame,
Since dead men cannot rise to hear my name. 30

Joan. You, you! of all we would have counted on,
Whom we so many seasons sorrowed for;
You stood behind; while we, your promised wife
And mother, starved.

Pan. O sacrilegious Eve!
Fudge! keep my promised mother. Wind to burn.

Joan. Yes, pity Adam that he liked a kiss,
But brand flagitious Eve.

Pan. [*Giving Joan money*] Buy beer, buy beer.
For Adam I've a rod in pickle here.

[Sings.]

*Now I shall shave my sideboards too,
And I shall do without them;
My dear she makes so much ado
And hullabaloo about them.*

*I would not listen if she pled
For fear the boys would hiss me;
But I would shave them if she said
She had not room to kiss me.*

Vit. Em. Why, here are only three of seven crowns
Donated by the Earl of Inverness.

Joan. O sot, O sot! to be drunk steadies you.
To buy this pickle you have plundered us. 50

Pan. Language! how many mouthfuls you unlearn.

Vit. Em. Reproof goes crooked in a drunken man.

Pan. Three-sevenths I am honest.

Vit. Em. Sevenths? three?
Clown, you have saved that wit a beating-out.

Pan. There's nothing on the mountain, Lord, to breathe.

I am light-headed on the mountain height.

[Sings.

*I had a mighty mustache, too;
When I was nine years younger.*

*I found the longer that it grew
It grew a little longer.*

60

*But when I knew my dear would chew
Off more than ere I thought her,
I knew the longer that it grew
It grew a unit shorter.*

[Exit.

Vit. Em. We on God's garden may consort no more.
Enquire nothing ; but a long farewell,
One that anticipates eternity.
There will come rumors, I confess, unkind ;
Confession more confirmed by fitting truths
Too odious to relate. They come apace,
For I am driven by the better-fed.

70

Joan. My jaws should sooner lock and rot—
My utterances, turn to gibberish—
Than I confess a motion of the hand.
Stand by your honor, fight ! die !

Vit. Em. What dishonor
When honor is the cue for murder. No,
I hold it blessèd to retaliate
By suffering a wrong to be avenged
By conscience ; retroaction none at all
To bring retributor to meditate.
And that is treble vengeance ; it proclaims
The malice fruitless, leaves the wrongèd free,
And wrings the feelings of the injurer.
Those destitute of conscience, leave to them,
In lieu, to be repaid in their own kind.

80

Joan. Your name will be the word upon our lips,
Zeal of our prayers, our tang of memory,
Pride of our past.

Wid. Hark ! go apace.

Vit. Em. Farewell. [Exit.

Enter the DUKE OF PARMA.

Parm. Madam—

Wid. Kiss madam's foot three joints farther.

90

Parm. Where is the Princess Adelaide ?

Wid. We know.

Parm. Then tell, old crone, you know me dangerous.

Wid. Old Satan's son.

Parm. [*Drawing*] The Duke of Parma, know.

Joan. We are of temporary consequence
That can exasperate a naughty duke.

Parm. Consider darèd threats, how dangerous.

Wid. Is there sufficient blood in these cold veins
To tempt the sword's edge? get a silver blade
To tickle dead meat; ha! steel cannot find
What the infernal fellows whisper *witch*.

103

Parm. Exsuccous hag!—But lo, the prodigy!
Thanks, witch, whose spirit fingers point that way.
Early a summer's morning in a dream

I saw this vision of true loveliness
O'ertaken by the morning. By the gods,
No belle of Bagdad of most gorgeous time,
Nor pearl of Persia yet who makes those eyes,
Nor Babylonish beauty of the day

Most wicked, never charmer of the night,
Nor any nymph of Nineveh—not one

110

With the seductions of them all, nor all
The graces of the latter day, could draw
My eyes so madly from my brain; but she,
The painter's phantasy, lay fainting there
Fairer than anything immodest night
Has shown to daylight; and I looked again
As when Apelles, love-sick, glanced away,
From touching Aphrodite's rosy breasts,
More on the panting Phryne than the work.

And the lascivious fly went tickling on
Over her living length; and where he ran
I saw a fissure in a dream of marble;

120

And then I reckoned she might squirm and wind
The sigh of an accordion from her breasts,
Serenely turning from her beauty-sleep. [*Withdraws*.

Enter PRINCESS ADELAIDE.

Adel. If you are candidates for Heaven's love
Tell me what happened with my prisoner.

Joan. That you dealt nobly we professed belief.

Wid. We know you better how you slandered us.

Adel. You hate me more in his regard, who earns ¹³⁰
Love universal, than dislike of me.

Say those were slanders only of the tongue,
None of belief? A summer's evening's dew
Obscures my eyes that look the ways he flew;
Tell me, and I shall cease to trouble you.

Joan. Hum! trouble us and trouble him no more.

Adel. As true to him as ice to zero I;
You, false as the equator!

Parm. [*Coming forward*] I, to you
As resolute as darkness to a kiss.

Adel. What devil's perseverance in offense ¹⁴⁰
Has mustered you again? once was enough.
If you had proved the greatness of your need
Before you showed the vileness of your mind
What might not oozing flattery have done?

Parm. The ravages your gardener might do
In Villa Pizzo's bowers, to a duke
Are vengeance limited.

Adel. Vile dotard, down
As low as limbo! earth will sink beneath;
In this am I immaculate as snow
The latest fallen out of paradise. ¹⁵⁰

Parm. How well I worship you is too well known;
I would be guilty if I could be caught.

Adel. We swing into the blinding shadow, night.

Wid. Night when the ghosts stalk with a coffin smell!

Adel. O you whose forms in like predicament
God moulded, too, procure some show of aid;
And you shall rest henceforward in the bliss
Of palaces; despatch! at faster pace
Than conscience, for the sake of womanhood.

Wid. Night flings upon the ogres that bite off ¹⁶⁰
The overhanging arms of them abed
A cloak that makes a rake as good as saint.

Parm. This parley is prorogued.—Insomnia's bane,
[*Chloroforms Adel.*]
Formyl trichlorid, something for the breath.

Adel. The air I breathe is poisoned!

Parm. Maidenhood,
Your minutes now are numbered.

Adel. Barbèd wire
Is better limits than your bloody arms.

Parm. Love is the worm that wriggles in my blood.

Adel. Defiled? for me the smiling agony
As the multitudes rush by me.—Angels help! 170

If in the crying darkness still are ears,
Or Heav'n has heart, compel a miracle!
There shall flow tears from demons, rivers, too,
Until the damnèd fires weep in hell.

Oh, pity me for my sake! all in the world

Alone; oh, mercy for my sake if none

For your own. [Sleeps.

Parm. Her angel's eyelids sleep in dew;
So does the outside world. [Exit, carrying Adel.

Wid. She hated us.
Steep her in vengeance!

Joan. He was just as bad.

Wid. Yes, missy, but he let up in the midst 180
Once, twice, or thrice.

Joan. A harpy!

Wid. Join him soon,
Follow like conscience racing with the moon.

[Exeunt *Wid.* and *Joan.*, following *Parm.*

Re-enter VITTORIO EMANUELE.

Vit. Em. I start as though from some forbidden
sleep,

As if I were a strange noctambulist

Belated in a flower-garden still,

But hearing her wild voice forevermore;

When she with lissom fingers taps me back,

And whispers out of casement, *I am faint.*

I answer on the instant, *I am thine!*

Re-enter the DUKE OF PARMA, carrying PRINCESS ADE-
LAIDE, followed by the Widow and JOANNA.

Parm. Avoid me, execrable shapes! Beware 190
Of curiosity. I will not live

In any atmosphere apart from her
 In heaven, earth, or hell; but still with her
 I shall be master, that or murderer.—
 Mine! till my day of death!

Vit. Em. That day has come.

Parm. Whose mighty tune is in the thunder now
 Surprising the predestinating Heaven?

Vit. Em. The Prince of Punishment in this affair.

Parm. I know you, too; you are a eunuch's son;
 Hence, certainly a bastard.

[*Leaps forward over Adel.'s form.*

Vit. Em. By this blade ²⁰⁰

I have seen better days and shall again. [*They fight.*

Parm. Not what you seem, I know not what you are.

Vit. Em. Vittorio Emanuele hence,
 Crown Prince of Piedmont and Sardinia;
 And likely to be King of Italy.—
 Instantly, women, through the mountains fly
 As fast as ever witch in Italy!
 Find Garibaldi! call abroad for help!

[*Exeunt Wid. and Joan.*

Now Thomas Baron Ward lies weltering,
 You, villain, shortly I shall execute. ²¹⁰

Parm. What do you know of Thomas Baron Ward?

[*Recoils.*

Vit. Em. I know the Duke of Parma murdered him.

[*Leaps forward over Adel.'s form.*

Parm. Where?

Vit. Em. From behind.

Parm. When?

Vit. Em. One hour since while yet
 The oval sun was sinking bloodily.

Parm. Fool, swallow my defiance! say adieu!

[*Leaps forward over Adel.'s form.*

Vit. Em. Adieu! now say adieu to heaven's light.

Parm. Is hell so hot as hypocrites relate?
 Then burn!

Vit. Em. For your reception fiends are now
 Making hell hotter.

Parm. Me you know too well
 To live to know me longer.

Vit. Em.

Hydra, yield! 220

Parm. Death to the Princess if you budge an inch!
Slashes and gobbets and dismemberment!

A sight to grind your eyes on! [*Thrusts at Adel.*

Vit. Em.

Alamort!

The fires of Hades are too cold for you.

Parm. Death and the devil's inning! I am done!
Dead! all my evil habits broken off. [*Falls.*

Vit. Em. The artificial lily would not wilt; [*To Adel.*

The true is fragrant after death. Sweet thought,

An airy weight, a summer's breath art thou.

Embodiment of what I could but dream, 230

Whence has thy spirit wandered? heavenward?

I feel no lover's answer in thy hands,

Or lips that under my caresses melt.

I wonder, are thy ankles flesh and blood?

Unloop thy tresses, these electric silks

Conduct a flash of lightning into me.

Thy bosom holds a witch's heart, that beats,

For all, such tingling music in my ear

That I could bend to listen evermore,

And count th' innumerable pitapats. 240

Enter ARCHDUKE RANIERI aside.

Ran. It is a double villainy to bruise

The robber and appropriate the spoil;

Yet how much less the havoc he intends

Than was the seeking of that libertine. [*Withdraws.*

Vit. Em. How is it in paradise?

Adel. [*Waking*] What magic shock
Across my heart-cords flashes like a shot?

The twinkling stars empyreal that fill

The ether tremble at that voice's thrill.

Vit. Em. How is it with Your Highness? Heaven's
pink;

The day is losing daylight; come with me. 250

Adel. Take me along wherever you may go.

Vit. Em. May it please Your Highness to be carried
home?

Night's nine degrees shall not the grass bedew

Between the petal-sheeted couch and you.

Adel. I heard the clash of metal overhead.

Vit. Em. When you had breathed a thousand times
asleep

I thought I saw you dream.

Adel.

And only dream?

Hist!

Vit. Em. I have often strained my eyes of nights
At scarecrows plotted by the mirror moon.

Adel. What makes the dark a scarecrow? What is
that? 260

The treacherous Duke of Parma!

Vit. Em.

He is dead.

Adel. So judgment follows mischief round the
world.—

I could not feel a needle in my eyes,
Nor know them blind with blood instead of tears;
Thanks choking in my throat for kindnesses
Too sacred for a golden recompense.
I pant for breath; my purpose was to lie,
Long-suffering one, and swear my treachery
Was but to prove you to the uttermost.

Vit. Em. Heav'n's dappled dome is, on the western
slope, 270

First, freaked with silver light; next, brinded gold;
Then burnished copper; deeper, seas of blood.
Now look you on the eastern mountain tops,
Eidolons in the darkness, how upreared;
The highest has not half an hour to go
To penetrate the sunless cone of night;
For Heav'n's own painting is an unreal thing;
Th' Immortal Landscapist that limned it all
Has come to draw the curtain; if we two
Intend to see our shadows in the Lake 280
Of Como making merry, let us fly.

Adel. When I abused and persecuted you
You never hated me—I am ashamed—
But unresenting, singing still my praise,
Defending me at peril of your life,
You have become too noble for my king.
God pardon me! He will, but how can you?

Vit. Em. O Princess, when you stood at Engelheim
And blushed in presence of Almighty God—

No taller than the lily standing there—
I thought you blushed for my bewilderment ;
Then truly I forgave you at first sight
More sorceries than love and jealousy
Could intermingle in the fairy-world. 290

Adel. Ah, when were you and I at Engelheim?
We shall be like the fairy lovers now
That ever afterwards live happily.

Vit. Em. Oh, you were made for love but not for me ;
Me, but an exile of Sardinia?

Adel. One loyal subject sets up many a king. 300

Vit. Em. Before one evil eye of darkness casts
Its influence upon your wanderings
May it please my loyal subject to return.

Adel. I cannot love you if I do obey,
And worse than disobedience is that.
Let me by shrewishness not rule again,
But all by policy ; for how can that
In her that won true lover lose the pleading?
Yet, when for pity granting you are sad,
Poor pity's echo shall abound in me 310
Benignly canceling the imposition.

Vit. Em. Your marriage vows make to the capable,
Not be forsworn as many women do,
Intending, in the sacred ritual,
At its sweet breathing, disobedience.
I am morose and melancholy, mad
At women's whims, impatient for my own ;
An iron-handed tyrant. Do but show
A bird in heaven, I begrudge its wings.

Adel. Bind me with that oath that the gods do
swear ; 320

Take me forever. Can you love me yet
If I am changed, transformed, translated, say?
I shall patch up the past till I am gray.
Better to be commanded than command
When the disposer is less fallible
And more in confidence than one's own self.

Vit. Em. Consider wealth in idleness ; perforce,
Turn out your cherished riches.

Adel. Very well,

It is uncharitable keeping rich ;
Then teach me poverty to cherish you. 330

Vit. Em. Your Highness, harken, language for effect
Gains never greater love where love is so ;
And golden-plated promise is unkind
At whose fulfillment I should shudder.

Adel. Ah,
But I shall make my promise solid gold,
And whether with you, shall be poor enough.
My golden florins are for charity ;
My jewels to the cause of Italy !
Love in a cottage is a splendid thing ;
Beggar is better company than king. 340

Vit. Em. The scalds and soilures that would maculate
The gloves of nature blessing your two hands
Would stigmatize degree indelibly ;
Therefore, my proving of true love shall be
To save your need of more anathemas.

Adel. True loves, my master, value not degree ;
For lovers, they have castles in the air.
I take the veil to minister to you,
To kiss adieu to welcome you again
Until your bones are brittle, you foredone ; 350
And I shall mend your clothes my burdens tore,
Unlace the shoes my toils to sandals wore,
And bathe your feet like Mary Magdalene
Since only for atonement I repine.

Vit. Em. How can you think that ever I could see
The perfect blossom taken from these hands
Unforced to do their offices myself ?

Adel. Would you go hungry for poor Adelaide ?

Vit. Em. I shall go hungry till the doomsday, girl.

Adel. Hands of a hypocrite, hiyes ! For your sake 360
My father hates me, he abjures me ;
Nobody likes me anymore, I know.
You called me lovely ; many an ugly heiress
Is cajoled to make faces in her glass ;
So let these wrinkled eyelids droop in tears.
My life and love I owe you ; pray, take both.

Vit. Em. To you the sun kneels, and the rising moon
Breaks forth from yonder grotesque map of clouds.

To your father I shall go; dragging the knee,
My plaintive repetitions still will be, 370
The Princess fainted on the mountainside;
Till tears to blindness overrun his pride.

Adel. Death! death! he knows the word! where mine
is *love*.

Let the priest marry us, confess us not;
When you die, I die. Listen—come away!
Oh, to be like the birds that sing unseen
In the uncurling cradles of the trees,
Glad for the leafy growth that hides their love,
As warm as eggs in spring, to love to death.

Vit. Em. But I remember that too-slighted oath 330
Wherein are coupled blasphemies with lies.
This edge of twilight shall not ravel out
Before I lead you home, and presently
Go like a miner to the golden West,
Soon to be rich or never heard of more.
Your father's blessing is a legacy
That I shall come triumphantly to claim.
The separation from your noble state
Would be a livelong sigh; surpassing proof
Of your affection, offering yourself. 390

Adel. But you were never homesick.

Vit. Em. Yesternight,

By that rich roadway clinging to the rocks
Of fair Lake Como, at Tremezzo lost
In galleries, I stood right opposite
The moon above the many mountain tops
Away across the waters; ready to faint;
Then recollections came from afar off
Of father, sister, mother in the house,
Appalling visions of a homesick brain
Yet conscious of a beauty in the dark, 400
Of marbles tangible, of rich arcades,
Of waters fathomless as yonder moon,
Of grottoes near, of terraces behind,
Of vegetation most exuberant,
Of fluted columns and ascending flights
Of steps; the air was balsam; suddenly
Arose Italian music and a voice

Singing meseemed, *The end of Paradise Road*.
Ye statues—soft—sleep on, this is a dream!
That dream of home, that is reality.

410

Adel. You have a home.

Vit. Em.

But I shall home return.

Adel. I am never homesick in your company.

Vit. Em. But I could only bring you misery.

Come home before the busy light of day
Forsakes your worshiped Highness; lead away.

[*Extends to her the point of his sword.*]

Adel. Would you be shot profanely in your tracks?
These villain Austrians will murder you.

I kneel to you where love anoints you king,

My hands uphold, tears in my eyes, and beg

More earnestly than suppliants to Christ.

420

Why, then, into my temples stamp your heels

Or fly with me away, I know not where.

Vit. Em. Sweet Princess, I have duties to perform
More dangerous than foreswearing.

Adel.

Pity me;

Here runs a tearway down each cheek, dear soul,

Then all the pity I entreat is this,

That you will kiss me once between the tears

And meet at that appointed rendezvous

A thousand eons hence; love me again

When I am buried; fear no treachery

430

Beneath the coffin-lid; swear hallowed love,

And hallowed be it; do not wrong the dead.—

Still you stand firm?

Vit. Em.

Firm as the tree of life.

Adel. This cruel kindness kills me. Kill me then.

[*Runs at the edge of his sword.*]

Vit. Em. Your Highness!

Adel.

Kill me now, or execrate.

[*Catches hold of him.*]

Now drag me home and I shall cling to you;

If you be taken I shall kill myself;

If you forsake me I shall tramp for you

Like that Mahometan from Holy Land

Who liberated her dear father's slave,

440

A'Becket, the crusader, then pursued,

And put a chain of pearls around the world
Too pure for aught but angels to behold ;
But two words knowing, *London*, where she came,
Faint on the thoroughfare to call his *name*.

The mother of a saint ! Him there she found !

Vit. Em. Oh, not the softest sigh your lips release
Neglects to veil me in a vapor thick,
That for distress I only wish to weep. [*Embraces her.*
What poor persuaders are our good resolves. 450

Adel. Kiss me a hundred times, look in my eyes,
Tell me a thousand things.

Vit. Em. O sweet, for shame ;
If you can cast your noble father off
Thus easily, that quality in me
That makes so fast a stranger to his love,
In your abduction will destroy itself ;
Leaving me most detestable to you
And destitute of true nobility.

Adel. I love you so.

Vit. Em. Then love me, never cease. 460
Ere night, narcotic of poor innocents,
Has touched your eyelids fainting into sleep,
Believe me, wayward child, your father's eyes
Will drop the blessèd manna on his knees
To feed your penitence ; will you return ?
Dishonor shuns me for your own sweet sake.

Adel. Where you go I shall go.

Vit. Em. You will not go ?
Your princely parents watch your fairy dreams
Since you were but a saucy cry-baby.
When you your mother's face again behold,
In every tearway shall a wrinkle be. 470
For her sake, Princess, if you love me come.

Adel. What if with one eye teary I obey ?

Vit. Em. But will you come ? I knew Your High-
ness would.

Adel. Come, I shall hide you in my own country
As Vivian holds the seer Merlin yet
Bound in a four-walled tower forevermore,
Lost in the forest of Broceliande.

Vit. Em. I have a thousand roses' petals, too,

Smoking with sweetness in an earthen jar,
To make our parting kisses smother us.

480

Adel. My thanks go begging for my ring-finger.
From Prince Francesco of Calabria,
Ablaze with jewels of surprising gifts—
Sky-blue ceraunias from thunder-storms,
And sought by magi; water stones, no less
Intense with blue, like rainbows in their play
Of colors; spinels with auroral tints,
Found in an earthquake by the King of Oude;
And diamonds a bushel—from the Prince
I would not have a loadstone; but from you,
Would take away the only gem you have.

490

Vit. Em. Count Veri says it is a chrysolite.

[*Puts his ring on her finger.*]

Adel. I wear this for repentance. In exchange
Pull all the rings from my fingers; do, My Lord.
My father's system is too delicate
To be bemauled like Parma's, I suppose.
Balm bathe your soul, good-night.

Vit. Em. Not leave you here!

Adel. Take one last kiss and then another kiss.

Vit. Em. Kisses like magic arrows falling out
Of Cupid's quiver filled with fleeting bliss.

500

Adel. Oh, kiss me till yon stellèd eyes go out,
And only quarrel which shall be the last.

Vit. Em. And every one the last.

Adel. And fly away!

Vit. Em. I cannot leave you here.

Adel. Then come along.

No, no! too much I love to murder you.
Desert me! not too late; no lover, fly!
Send me alone; these villain Austrians
Are false as fire to a city sacked.

Ran. [*Coming forward*] Sir, you have been too faith-
ful latterly,
But you have loved her counter common sense.
Enough; here is the future's recompense.

510

[*Throws a purse.*]

Vit. Em. Love her as well—I challenge you—be kind;
Soft words can sweeten the renewing South

Flattered by roses' fragrance; but words harsh
The north wind chill. My duty to a bribe
Not all the coinage of the sun can tempt;
Yet since you know me proud in honesty
Lend me a trifle for a shift; reproach
Shall make your bounty homesick. Sir, adieu.—
The same to you, fair Princess Adelaide.

520

Adel. Oh, cruel to leave me! villain if you do!
My father! I revere you, life I beg;
Know this, I shall consort with love or death.
Unless you petted me to murder me
Implore, command, compel him to remain!

Ran. Young lover, I absolve you from that oath.
I ever plotted for her happiness.

You have her, you may have her; keep her well;
She was the Prince of Piedmont's promised bride;
No wonder you are still a hanger-on
In death's eventful ranks, so many were.

530

It is not often some poor gardener
All in one quadrant of the dial-plate
Can win an emperor's granddaughter; well,
Extravagances are precursors oft
Of genius, beginnings of great men.

Adel. Oh, kinder in affection I to you
Than th' universe besides, my oldest love;
But say no more for fear you say too much;
Let him speak on, so shall the music keep.
But Atlas, roll the world across my neck
To hold me down.

540

Ran. Hark, voices!

Adel. [*To Vit. Em.*] Sir, beware
Of the sad time's stray bullets in the air.

[*They withdraw.*]

Enter the KING OF SARDINIA, LISIO, and other Ministers.

Sar. How does he look? When shall he come?

Lis. Alas!

Sar. Say he will come though it be falsehood; speak!

Lis. Sire, he will come.

Sar. Liar, he will never come.

Lis. Your Majesty's most noble son is gone.

Sar. Gone! like a picture painted on the wind
By the mind only! must I still commune
With spirit, uncertain whether quick or dead? 550
Follow this spirit, we of flesh! advance!

Oh, we shall follow to the antipodes,
Thence and again, ten times around the world!
Haste, I am out of breath, I want my son!

Lis. [*Aside*] The fleeting faculties of gray-haired men
Are pace-makers that run them quite to death.—
We are no better here, Your Majesty,
Than spies.

Ran. Who travels there?

Lis. The Count de Barge.

Ran. I know you, Sire; I know Your Majesty.

Sar. [*To Vit. Em.*] You know me, too; bend those
unblushing knees 560

And beg for mercy. Hear what I shall do.
Fearful forebodings, long delirium,
Haunt and provoke and terrorize a king
Who in imagination must pursue
The forced excursions of his banished boy.
Ungracious! thoughtless! I shall do a thing
Whose weighty substance you will ne'er forget.

Vit. Em. My father's shadow! O Your Majesty,
You suffered so.

Ran. He cannot speak.

Adel. [*Kneeling by Vit. Em.*] He smiles.

Sar. Tell me what hours you wasted reveling? 570

Vit. Em. No later hours than love and marriage kept
When you adored my queenly mother first
And I was an imagination quite.

Sar. [*Motioning to a minister who produces a crown*]
This is Sardinia's royal diadem. [*Puts it on Vit. Em.*]

Adel. Th' Almighty blesses me right royally,
Most with the knowledge of your sacrifice. [*To Vit. Em.*]

Sar. That it might make you King of Italy!
I abdicate in favor of my son,
Victor Emmanuel; there is your king.

Adel. O Sire, I have kissed the thanks away 580
Before the mouth could open.

Vit. Em.

I improve.

In estimation I have grown a mite.

Ran. I might have hung Your rascal Majesty.

[*Kneels.*

Vit. Em. [*To Sar.*] You buy me into fashion suddenly.

Adel. [*To Sar.*] Sire, gray-haired men have never hated me ;

Make this condition, he to marry me ;

You see, I am the Princess Adelaide.

Vit. Em. Your Highness, we shall keep you royally.

Sar. My children, I am done with this fair land.

This is the golden number, this the moon

590

That fills one cycle of my sovereignty.

My hopes with all my battles have gone round ;

I run toward second childhood, let me die.

But ho ! whatever time, whatever clime

Its warring standard flaunts at Austria

Will find me marshaled in the simple ranks

Against the nightmare of her tyranny.

Enter hastily BETTINO and Guards of the DUKE OF PARMA.

Parm. Lay hold on His Sardinian Majesty !

Bet. A sudden passion due to fear and rage,

Relentless as a panic, goads the mob !

600

As when a rat at bay dies in a fury

Of fighting.

Parm. Make that perjured traitor fast !

Bet. They drive our soldiers ; and our nobles, hang !

Parm. Now King of Italy !—Strike off his head.

Bet. Your Royal Highness, follow, save your life !

Hark, the enormous tramp of soldiery !

[*Exeunt guards. Parm. holds Bet. back.*

Parm. Oh, bloody mongrels ! bastards ! villains ! curs !

Better a coward brood of demi-wolves

By human-suited devils hybridized !

As you are brutish-minded, brutish-shaped

610

Distorted men ! half doggish ! whose fell maws

Less cynical, teeth less hyena-like,

Could never snap and snarl so perfectly
And run away!

[*Kills Bet.*

Enter PIETRO and Soldiers, with torches; with the DUKE OF MODENA, DUKE OF CALABRIA, EARL OF INVERNESS, COUNTESS LAURA, and other Noble Prisoners; PANTALEON, Widow, JOANNA, People, etc., following.

Shouts. Our own soldiers! Our own flags! Our own uniforms! Our own! Our own! Hurrah!

Vit. Em. Well, Garibaldi, chief of patriots!
Hero of Venice, Cosenz! Medici,
Defender of Vascello! Bixio,
Sirtori, and Cairoli, Knights of the Legend!
You come most opportunely to our thanks.

620

Lau. You have turned out too noble—just my luck.

[*To Vit. Em.*

Vit. Em. Henceforth be Duchess of—— your heart's content.

To the malignant studying revenge
Death, and revulsion for a thousand years.

Parm. I shall never see my ducal palaces
Or royal gardens more. This is our will,
To lie in state in that cathedral porch
Whose red and marble lions do look awry
On Parma. I am breathing out my life.

630

To fall is little ignominious;
Right glorious each time to rise again!
Now, King of Italy, hence! shadow me!
To Hades headlong on the gloomy air!

[*Rushes at Vit. Em.*

Pan. Enough for virtue!

[*Kills Parm.*

Joan. And for vengeance!

Pan.

Kick,

Tickle the devil with your fiddle-stick.

Adel. The devil reaps damnation, he is dead.

Vit. Em. His Royal Highness, Charles of Bourbon
Third,

Of Parma and Placentia is dead;

His birth was noble; though his deeds were base 640
Let him be buried with his ancestors.
Let us repeat our gratitude whose bounds
We have not the ingratitude to know.

Pict. This night, the nightmare of the guilty ones,
Presents their fears with horrors manifold :
Prince Metternich has fled to England fast ;
The abdication of the Emperor
Followed ; now Francis Joseph is proclaimed ;
Count Lamberg charged with the supreme command
In Hungary ; Russia co-militant 650
With Austria ! Hold fast to Italy !

Vit. Em. Kneel down, Pietro, and arise true knight.

Adel. Why do you still so wonderfully kneel ?
For fear to bump your head against the moon ?

Pict. Oh, let me kiss Your Majesties' right hands,
And I shall rise to walk in fairy-lands.

Vit. Em. You are my prisoners, and shall not budge
Till you have pledged me King of Italy.

[*To the noble prisoners. Exeunt persons bearing the bodies of Parm. and Bet.*]

Mod. Thrice famous flesh ! when some forgotten lie,
Tribes will be pilgrims to his cenotaph ; 660
And into other veins his atoms flow !

Vit. Em. Bring forth Modena's miserable Duke,
The squint-eyed bogy-tyrant of this land.—
We banish you forever.

Mod. By what right,
Above the primal one to cry, do you
Insult the heavens ?

Vit. Em. We, Vittorio
Emanuele, by the grace of God
Of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, King ;
The Duke of Genoa and of Savoy,
And Prince of Piedmont ; well considering 670
The universal pleasure of this land,
Our council having heard, and ministers ;
We do decree, and it is now decreed—
Ferrara, Massa, Parma, Tuscany,
Placentia, Bologna, Reggio,
Carrara, Venice, Forli, Lombardy,

Ravenna, and *Modena*, are annexed
Unto the Kingdom of Sardinia.

Adel. A gardener and a great potentate
All in one quadrant of the dial-plate! 680
Since I have loved a beggar as a king,
Will I not love a monarch as a god?

Vit. Em. Our ministers are charged with this affair—
Let Parliament convert it into law—
Which shall be furnished with the Seal of State,
Inserted in the Government Archives,
And published in the forenamed provinces.—
Our best belovèd and most noble cousin,
Duke of Calabria, if we hear aright
You shall not long the kingly honor wait. 690
This salutation to His Majesty
Of the Two Sicilies: A Secret Room
Of Skeletons we hear Palermo keeps
In the chief office of police; beware,
Or we shall have a peep in Sicily.

Adel. I held you for some fairy prince elect,
Who, loosed from a restraining hand, might drown
Allotted prospects in a drinking-fit.

Cal. Oh, if there were security in change
Women would be as fickle as a wave. 700

Adel. I am an hour in love.

Cal.

An hour in love?

Two hours in love is too improbable;
Three hours in love is quite impossible.
I dream, but when the light on dreamland falls
The City of the Vespers shall not long
Await the home-returning of its Prince
Down the Ligurian and Tuscan seas
Like an explorer old, in marvels versed,
Sad at the ending of a happy tale.

Vit. Em. My children, let us not forsake each other, ⁷¹⁰
But go together in the harvest-time [To the people.
Where every man is counted as a man;
Arm! arm! put on Italian uniforms!
And keep together in the aftermath.

Shouts. Hurrah! hurrah! The prophet of good times!
A new chief magistrate! new champion!

Ran. You shall have stomachs like Arabian mosques
Rotund with feasts that I shall set you to.

Come, Venus, star of evening is well out ;
Before this world turns up the other half—
After the King!—feast to the golden calf! 720

Voice. Three cheers for Archduke Ranieri, hip!

Vit. Em. We have been ever of a brotherhood
For kindness dealing kindness, come along,
The Princess and myself will pay your debts.

Shouts. Bravo! King Honestman! hurrah, hurrah!

Adel. Do not neglect me, O Your Majesty.

Vit. Em. I stifle the four winds with sighs, Your
Highness,

While men breathe heavily in Italy.
Your country crushes mine in slavery. 730
Between our houses rapt in mortal hate
Can ever peace be after so much blood
Has drowned the valley of the Mincio?
All round, out dying comrades in the throes
Of mutilation—it was pitiful.

There stood your kin in battle against mine ;
And I, against your Emperor to kill,
Down where Prince Sigismund your brother fell,
Stretched in the general carnage. I wept blood,
For truly I was wounded. Which will you? 740
Return to them or be my prisoner?

Adel. Kind, if Your Majesty be kind enough
To take the trouble to secure me
It pleases me to be your prisoner.

Vit. Em. Straightway our marriage shall be solemnized ;

God make us monarchs of all Italy.
My native land I will sweat blood for thee ;
I shall uphold th' Italian Tricolor,
Vanquished to-day, to-morrow triumphing.
When once upreared it never shall come down. 750
Our dead are buried in these fastnesses ;
They made their country's flag their winding-sheet.
Proclaim throughout the land, *To arms! to arms!*
For here no foreign flag shall ever float.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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